

£250 FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED.

PEARSON'S

— £2.000 —

Free Insurance.



WEEKLY.

No. 1155]

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3, 1912.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



SEE THAT PACKET

**IT IS THE MOST DELICIOUS
AND THE MOST SUSTAINING
FOOD-BEVERAGE OBTAINABLE**

BECAUSE IT CONTAINS:

1. The choicest, richest, and purest Cocoa, giving a delicious chocolate flavour and the well-known nutritive properties of the best Cocoa.
2. The Kola Nut, recognised for its marvellous power of giving stamina and endurance and of resisting fatigue and 'that tired feeling.'
3. Malt-Extract—the wonderful digester. It permits of the Cocoa in Vi-Cocoa being richer than most Cocos, and yet quite easy of digestion, and helps digest all other foods.
4. Hops, with their nerve-soothing and quieting properties.

VI-COCOA

is a producer of
those other Vi's:

**VITALITY, VIRILITY,
VIGOUR, VIVACITY.**

VI-COCOA is the cheapest food beverage on the market. A 6d. packet of **VI-COCOA** contains a hundred times as much real food nourishment, stamina, strength-giving properties as the same amount of money spent in many of the so-called cheap preparations sold.

VI-COCOA is a universal favourite in all those great industrial districts where men and women have to work hard—where they need stamina, strength, and endurance. Where there are collieries, ironworks, mills, and factories, **VI-COCOA** is in constant and regular demand, and the hard-headed men and shrewd women of Lancashire and Yorkshire are its largest and most regular users. They have voluntarily sent thousands of letters testifying to its wonderful help in their work and everyday life; its health and strength-giving properties; to their feeling of 'fitness' by its use. Hundreds of these letters have been published, but the best proof is your own trial.

Get a 6d. Packet or a 9d. or 1/6 Tin of Vi-Cocoa To-day

NOTICE

- {
- Its delicious taste.
 - The length of time you can go without feeling tired and hungry.
 - The freedom from headache, despondency, and 'nerves.'
 - The amount of work you can do and the feeling of fitness in doing it.

Vi-Cocoa is the best and cheapest Insurance against fatigue, indigestion, insomnia, and lack of strength, stamina and endurance. You can get a 6d. packet or a 9d. or 1/6 tin of Vi-Cocoa at any Grocer's or Stores.

A Pleasant Way to Health

No special diet—no drugs—no loss of time—just a glass of sparkling, refreshing, purifying

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

BEFORE
BREAKFAST

This
is
the
natural
way.

Prepared only by J.C. ENO Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, LONDON, S.E.

Sold by Chemists and Stores Everywhere.



This well-known standard aperient gently stimulates the liver, the body's filter.

With this important organ working properly the blood becomes pure, the nerves normal, the impoverished tissues restored. Sound, refreshing sleep, a clear brain, a hearty appetite and a good digestion are sure to follow.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt' never causes griping or weakening effects. The safest and best tonic and digestive regulator.

£24! WON

FAIRGOOD ON TOP AGA

Answers, £200, July 27th:

Half Brick—Bagpipe-learn
Honorarium.

Also Tir-Bits, £25, same date

Foundry—Forging Operati

Thus, in the very first result of Answer "Second" Competition, one of my... at the tip-top and any number of the smaller prizes. Could there be any proof that I carry out my guarantee to better solutions than can be bought else? And I will forfeit £200 if my solution about these two wins is not correct.

Don't be bamboozled! Anybody can get they have obtained £200 (or any other sum) but don't you believe it unless proof... Send me a trial order for "Middle DAY, and have a fair chance of winning.

TERMS for all Solutions: 4... PRIZE-WINNING SPECIALS... my £250 and £200 winners; 2 for £100, 1s. 6d.; 8 for 3s. Monthly Terms: 2 w. 3s.; 4 weekly, 1s. 6d.; 6 weekly, 8s.; 12 sufficient stamped addresses, 10% commission on prizes over £1.

Free Solutions

I offer this week two of my "Wonderful Prize-winning Special" MIDDLE FREE to Every Reader who has not tried my Solutions. Enclose stamped address

F. FAIRGOOD, 117 Kirkwood R PECKHAM

BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Lack of Vigour, Varicocle, and Allied Troubles. Treatise with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—E. J. Murray, 125 High Holborn, London, W.C.

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocle and its accompanying debility and nervous weakness should send for illustrated circular describing its successful treatment and cure by the only rational and harmless method. No electricity. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—E. B. Norton, 25 A Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

WEAK MEN.—Send for my two Books, FREE.—Mr. George, 25 High Street, Gatehead-on-Tyne.

BOOTS.—Save nearly 50% by buying Factory direct. AGENTS WANTED. Write for list.—British Boot Co., 405 Portland Square, Bristol.

TOWLE'S PILLS. 55 years' reputation, are the oldest, safest, and only reliable remedy for all Ladies' Ailments. Write for Booklet containing most invaluable information for Married Women, post free. In boxes, 1s., 2s., and 4s. Of all Chemists, or post free for P.O. 13, 2 10, or 47 from Sole Proprietors, E. T. Towle & Co. Ltd., 112 Long Row, Nottingham.

BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS.—Hundreds of dollars have been made by writers of successful words or music. Past experience unnecessary. Send us your song poems, with or without music, or write for free particulars. ACCEPTANCE GUARANTEED IF AVAILABLE. Washington only place to secure copyright.—H. K. Kyrus Dunlap Co., Dept. 808, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

STAMMERING.—Made impossible by safe, self-applied, subconscious method. Same results as hypnotic treatment. Speech becomes automatic, as in non-stammerers. 1/- for method.—E. A. Armstrong, 17 Henry Street, Belfast.

GOODS ON FIRST DEPOSIT.—Everything supplied; easy terms; list free.—General Trading Co., 61, Yarmouth.

LADIES
GAUTIER'S FAMOUS PILLS
are without doubt the best remedy ever offered for Female Weaknesses and Irregularities. They are Strong, Safe, Sure and Speedy. Price, under cover, 1/- and 2/-; extra strong, 4/-.
BALDWIN & Co., Herb-Drug Stores, Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

Study the Advertisements and when writing to advertisers please mention "P.W."

Make your own Cigarette. It is twice as good.

AG
CIGARETTE PAPER
BEST and PUREST

YOU CAN EARN—For course—Full particulars of employment, apply K., 89 Aldersgate St., London.

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."—A popular and practical treatise on the laws governing life, with special chapters on Generative Weakness, Loss of Vital Force, and practical observations on Marriage. Valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength, and restore the Powers when lost. A valuable, instructive, and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, and Loss of Power to Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps, by Charles Gordon, No. 8, Gordonholme Dispensary, 1 Radford, Yorks.

LADIES should send two stamps for our new and original Booklet, containing particulars of Herbal Remedies for all ailments. Recommended by physicians and ladies.—P. W. Baldwin & Co., 9 Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

YOUR HEALTH.—A recipe sent free for any ailment you are suffering from by describing symptoms and enclosing stamped address to Professor Martin, Health Specialist, Silver Arcade, Leicester.

SEVEN-DUPLOMAN SHUSTRAND Handbooks and lesson of easy, rapid system sent free.—Seven-Duploman Association, Ramsgate.

BLUSHING CURED.—Doctor's famous recipe 1/- order. Testimonials.—H. Stevens (Box 2), 71 Back Piccadilly, Manchester.

FREE 2,000 WORD HOROSCOPE.—Your future foretold. Events, changes, lucky days, legacies, matrimony, speculations, and planetary influence on destiny revealed free. State birth-date, sex, and enclose three penny stamps for clerical expenses.—Professor ASTARA, Drayton, Abingdon, Berks.

GREY HAIR.—Do try 7d. sample "Tintoline" (non-dye). Enchantingly natural. Instantaneous. Restores skin.—Forbes & Co., 47 Fetter Lane, London. State colour.

TO LADIES!

Ladies, send for Free Sample of our "Triumph" Tablets (Registered). They are the best known remedy for all ailments incidental to the Female system, and are invaluable to women who suffer from Anemia, etc. Prompt, reliable, and perfectly harmless. The greatest discovery of modern science. Send for Sworn Testimonial—Island Free Sample which has cured in thousands of cases, or Post Free 1/11, 2s., or 4s.
LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM.
(Sole Agents, Birmingham.)

Works: PASSY-PARIS. Telegrams: "SURGICAL, BIRMINGHAM."

FITNESS

Men of all ages. Why not write for my free Book, and get fit by the standard, scientific method of curing NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WEAKNESS, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. Easy, safe, simple. No stomach medicines, magnetism, or electricity. No fatiguing physical exercises or strict diet rules, no change of habits, loss of time or occupation, but an assured restoration for all men. See what cured patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 2 stamps postage. Mention this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 21 and 23 Great Russell St. London, W.C. Established 25 years.

TO LADIES!

THE L.R.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value. They afford relief in every instance, frequently in a few hours. They cure female Weakness and Irregularities, are safe, sure, and speedy. Far superior to Steel, Tansy, etc., and all similar preparations. Price, 1s. 6d. and (triple quantity) 3s. 6d., extra strong, 4s. 6d. Post Free in plain wrapper.

Direct from
Lady Managers, The L.R.S. Co. (Dept. C.),
145 Stockwell Road, London.

PATRONISED BY H.M. THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, 39 12.

On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our PRUDENTIAL REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN REVERSIBLE HALF-GUINEA

suitable for Drawing-Room, Dining-Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered in 30 different Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colours to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send TWO CARPETS & TWO RUGS for 10/6

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm.

5/6



RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

NEW DESIGNS.



of Lewis Rd., Streatham Cam. S.W. May 16th. TESTIMONIALS.
Mrs. Margary writes:—"I will be obliged by Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons, Leeds, sending her another Prudential Brusselslette Carpet, size 10ft. by 12ft. Cheque enclosed, 11/6." Mrs. Margary states: "I have had several of these carpets during the last sixteen years, and have been very well pleased with them."

Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Embroidered Linen, Cotton Bedspreads, Quilts, Table Linens, Bedding, etc., Overmantels, Linoleums, etc. Curtains, &c., Post Free, if when writing you mention *Pearson's Weekly*, 39 12. Address: **F. HODGSON & SONS** (Dept. P.W.) Manufacturers, **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS** Importers and Merchants.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 1155.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3, 1912.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

ARE YOU MAKING THIS GOLD?

JEWELLERS, pawnbrokers, and others whose business concerns itself with the precious metals are greatly concerned just now over a new amalgam which has recently made its appearance, and to which experts have given the not inappropriate name of "mystery gold." It seems that there are quantities of articles of jewellery on the market which are made of this new metal.

In appearance it exactly resembles eighteen-carat gold. Its weight, too, in proportion to its bulk, is identical with the real thing. It resists acid, and all other known tests. In fact, the only way to tell it from genuine gold is to melt it in a crucible and separate it, so far as possible, into its component parts.

But to treat in this way a watch-chain, or other article of jewellery, is, of course, to render it valueless for ever, a thing which pawnbrokers and others who may think that they have been victimised are naturally reluctant to do.

The great trouble is that nobody seems to know where the mysterious amalgam comes from, or who makes it. You cannot buy it anywhere. And, so far, neither the police nor anybody else has succeeded in unearthing the factory where it is made up into "snide" articles of jewellery, mostly watch-chains and curb-bracelets.

These are invariably hall-marked eighteen carat, and even experts are deceived by them.

THE PRODIGAL HAD RETURNED.

"Father," he said, "are you going to kill the fatted calf?"

"No," responded the Old Man, looking the youth over carefully. "No; I'll let you live. But I'll put you to work and train some of that fat off you."

VERY SLOW.

"Would you," he said, after they had been sitting in the dark for a long time, "be angry with me if I were to kiss you?"

She was silent for a moment. Then, in tones the meaning of which was not to be mistaken, she replied:

"Why do you suppose I turned down the light an hour and a half ago?"

And yet he wondered, poor fool, how other young men who had started far in the rear were able to pass him in the race of life.

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

This is a very popular device for distributing gifts among the loyal readers of "P.W."

It is not a competition; there is no entrance fee. All you have to do is just simply to carry about with you—in the street, in the train, on a bus or tram—your usual copy of "Pearson's Weekly" and wait till you are spotted by one of the many representatives of "P.W.," who are all over the country.

Having seen you carrying a copy of the current issue of the paper, our representative will quietly hand you a postcard, ready stamped, and addressed to the Editor of "P.W." in London. On this postcard is a long list of gifts, and all you have to do is just to place a tick against the gift you prefer, write your name and address in the space provided, and drop the postcard in the nearest pillar-box.

A morning or so later, the gift you have selected will arrive at your address with the compliments of the Editor. Already hundreds of readers have received gifts in this manner. A list of this week's winners appears on page 260. So remember to

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

£250 A WEEK

OFFERED IN

FOOTBALL SKILL COMPETITION.

Monday, September 2nd, will see the commencement of the new football season and we have therefore revived our Football Skill Competition for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football, and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £250, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On the entry form below you will find the names of the clubs taking part in fifteen matches to be played on Saturday, September 7th.

You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will lose. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a draw, then leave names of both teams in.

NO GOALS REQUIRED. NO ENTRY FEE.

The clubs whose names we give are all in the English or Southern League, and to guide you in preparing your forecasts you would be well advised to keep a record of their matches before you. The names of the players in these teams can also be ascertained, if you don't already know them.

There are many thousands of people so keenly interested in football that the names and doings of nearly every prominent player are known to them, and the matches in which they are engaged are of as much interest to them as the news in a daily paper is to the ordinary reader.

These enthusiasts require no assistance from us in exercising their skill in choosing which they think will be the victorious teams; but to others, not conversant with the clubs and the players and their doings, we suggest that a handbook giving details of last season's play will be very helpful. The competitor who will gain is not the reader who guesses haphazard, but the one who bases his forecast on his knowledge of the capabilities of the teams engaged.

It must be clear, therefore, to you that it is necessary to exercise a considerable amount of skill to gain the prize.

As a help and guide to the exercise of your judgment, we recommend "Pearson's Football Annual," price 3d. (or post free 4d. from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.) in which will be found complete information regarding teams, records of play in past seasons, prospects of each club for the coming winter, and results of corresponding League matches played last season, all of which are of enormous assistance in marking your coupon.

CONDITIONS WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. Each entry form must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
3. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
4. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Football No. 1" in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, September 6th.
5. Only one coupon may be sent by each reader.
6. The sum of £250 will be awarded to the competitor from whom the Editor receives an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In the event of two or more matches not being played, the £250 will not be awarded.

7. Should no competitor give the correct results of all the matches played, £25 will be awarded to the competitor who sends the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie, this sum will be divided.
8. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
9. The Editor of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
10. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
11. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
12. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

Cut Out Coupon and Post to Us Unfolded.

Pearson's Football Contest

No. 1.

Matches to be played on Saturday, Sept. 7th.

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Aston Villa	v	Bradford City
Bolton Wanderers	v	Chelsea
Manchester United	v	Manchester City
Middlesbrough	v	Everton
Derby County	v	Blackburn Rovers
Newcastle United	v	Sunderland
Bradford	v	Birmingham
Fulham	v	Leeds City
Preston North End	v	Clapton Orient
Leicester Fosse	v	Notts Forest
Stockport County	v	Lincoln City
Brentford	v	Reading
Queen's Park Rangers	v	Norwich City
Swindon Town	v	Crystal Palace
West Ham United	v	Coventry City

The above matches take place on the ground of the first-named.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature

Address

Money, Watches, Blue Bird Brooches, Stylo Pens, Sealing-wax Sets, and Briar Pipes offered in this week's footlines.

Among Famous Folk

For Him.

DR. A. C. DIXON, the well-known American clergyman, who has been preaching at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, tells a story of an American millionaire who did not approve of foreign missions.

One Sunday when the collection was being taken up for these missions, the sidesman approached the millionaire and held out the collecting-bag.

The millionaire shook his head. "I never give to missions," he whispered.

"Then take something out of the bag, sir," whispered the sidesman in reply. "The money is for the heathen!"

Handy.

MR. R. H. QUINE'S attack on English bathing habits in his recent address at the Royal Sanitary Institute Congress at York, has recalled a story told by a Yorkshire district visitor. She was being shown over the dwelling of one of the people on her list, and she expressed surprise that there was no bath.

"Oh, yes, miss!" replied the housewife; "we 'as a bath." And she proceeded to uncover a patent bath under the kitchen floor in front of the fireplace. "But we keep t' coal in it; it's 'andier nor 'avin' it in t' yard!"

Very Hungry.

AN amusing story comes to us from the capital of one of the small German principalities. The Grand Duke gave a big masked ball at which everybody had to appear in fancy dress or in a long "domino" cloak.

In one of the rooms of the Palace a well-stocked buffet had been arranged, and the waiters soon began to comment upon the unusually hearty appetite of one guest, duly masked and cloaked, who consumed large quantities of food and wine. It was observed that after several minutes of eating and drinking, he would leave the buffet and disappear among the dancers, only to return again in a short time, his appetite apparently as strong as ever.

After he had paid a number of visits to the buffet the head waiter became uneasy, and called the attention of one of the Court officials to the eating capacities of the guest. The official agreed to stay beside the buffet for a few minutes, and, sure enough, up came the guest again. He was again served with the food and wine he ordered, and after another hearty meal, he was just about to turn away when the official stepped forward.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but may I see your card of invitation to the ball?"

The other became greatly agitated, and, the card not being forthcoming, the official said sternly: "I must ask you, sir, to remove your mask and cloak."

Several people had now paused to watch the scene, and when the hungry man had unwillingly slipped off his mask and cloak, a ripple of laughter went round. The "guest" turned out to be one of the soldiers of the guard on duty in the hall below!

The soldiers had found a "domino" and mask lying in the hall, and they had been putting them on one by one so as to be able to go boldly into the ballrooms and have each a good feed at the buffet.

A Mistake.

LORD MURRAY of Elibank, who has retired from his position as Chief Government Whip, recently told an amusing canvassing story. In order to make certain of an old shepherd's vote at a forthcoming election, he took a long walk to his cottage in a lonely glen near the Border. When he reached it, however, he was unable to gain admittance, though he was certain there was somebody within. After a long time the door was opened a tiny bit. He explained what he wanted, and asked, rather plaintively, why he was being kept out.

"Oh, sir," apologised the shepherd's wife, "I thought you were the young man come for this week's instalment for the sewing-machine!"

What Three Know.

THE secret of when the Master of Elibank was to retire and his plans afterwards was well kept. As several people must have known it for some time before the public announcement, it would appear that

absolute reliance cannot be placed on the Spanish proverb, "What three know, all the world knows."

It was Lady Dorothy Nevill who told us of the Spanish gentleman who possessed a valuable commercial secret. He confided it to a friend, and a short time afterwards this friend came to ask permission to communicate the secret, under oath of eternal secrecy, to another friend who would be likely to assist in utilising the secret to the best advantage for all of them.

"Let me see," said the original possessor of the secret, "I know the particulars—that makes one." He made a stroke with a pencil on a piece of paper at hand. "You know it," he continued, making another stroke, "that makes——"

"Two," said the friend.

"Well, and if you tell your friend," he went on, making a third stroke, "that will make——"

"Three," said the friend.

"No," corrected the other, pointing at the three strokes; "one hundred and eleven!" (111).

Another Kind.

IF one is not mistaken, it was Mr. Justice Wills, who died recently, who once made a rather cutting remark to a barrister.

The barrister was, in the judge's private opinion, simply wasting the time of the court, and, in the course of a long-winded speech, he dwelt at quite unnecessary length on the appearance of certain bags connected with the case.

"They might," he went on pompously, "they might have been full bags, or they might have been half-filled bags, or they might even have been empty bags, or——"

"Or perhaps," dryly interpolated the judge, "they might have been wind-bags!"

Returns Where?

TALKING of judges, one is reminded of a little incident that occurred the other day in the Birkenhead Police Court.

A solicitor asked a prisoner, who had gone into the witness-box, how old he was.

"Forty-two to-day, sir," replied the prisoner.

"Many happy returns!" said the solicitor.

"That," commented the magistrate, "cuts both ways."

Walls for Eavesdroppers.

THEY are always finding wonderful things in America, and their latest discovery of a girl who can see through stone walls recalls the story of the jerry-builder who was showing a possible purchaser over one of the houses in a "semi-detached" row he had built.

The possible purchaser said the walls didn't look very strong.

"Strong!" exclaimed the builder. "You won't find stronger nor better walls in all London. Joe," he added, turning to one of his men, "you go in next door."

Joe went next door, and the builder, addressing the wall, said: "Joe, can you hear me?"

"Yes!" came Joe's voice plainly.

"Joe," said the builder, "can you see me?"

"No!" said Joe.

The builder waved his hand triumphantly. "There's walls for you!" he said with honest pride.

Caught the Doctor.

YOUNG Mr. Vincent Astor, who has been busy denying the rumour that he is engaged to be married, tells a story of the head of an American college who suspected that one of his students was not so temperate as he ought to have been. He met the student one morning on the way to his classes.

"Young man," he said, barring his way and frowning heavily, "do you drink?"

The student beamed upon him. "Not so early in the day, Doctor; but, thank you all the same!"

Vengeance!

THERE was an odd little episode at Westminster the other day.

A lady who spent a Saturday afternoon "doing" the House of Commons, asked particularly to be shown Mr. Lloyd George's seat.

"There it is, miss," said the policeman, pointing towards the Front Government Bench.

"Ah!" said she vindictively. "How I should love to put a pin in it!"

So if the Chancellor of the Exchequer should one day suddenly leap into the air——!

The Odd Corner

The Editor will give 2s. 6d. each week for the best paragraph accepted for this column. One of the famous P.W. penknives will be awarded for any paragraph used. If there is more than one sender, the paragraph used the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

The half-crown prize this week is won by E. W. Wright, Heprille, Hallam Road, Farnham.

A ROMAN RHYME.

THE 100-0-1000-1-100 1000-1-1000-1-100 was getting 0-50-500.

With 100-0-50-1-100, in bed he lay very 1-100-0. He went to his 500-0-0-1000 through catching a 100-0-50-500.

Just after he'd signed a 100-0-500-1-100-1-50

For words written in Roman figures see below

ABOUT TIME.

A WATCHMAKER dropped a clock-face, which broke into four pieces. He found, however, that each section's numerals, when added up, came to the same amount.

How was the face broken?

Solution below:

THE LETTERS I LOVE.

"THE letters I love," the optician declared, As he tried to look witty and wise, "Are those by whom all my best fortunes are shared; Of course, I refer to the I I I."

Said Willie the Weary, reclining his head On the grass in the sweet summer breeze, "These letters have always stood me in good stead, I should never survive without E E E."

Said Dolly de Chorus: "The ones I love best, Of whom I speak words of high praise, Are those who so kindly to life give a zest; You see I refer to the J J J."

Said old Billy Billiard: "Those are not of my choice; But these are the letters I'd choose. With them for companions my heart doth rejoice; Of course I refer to the Q Q Q."

Said Jolly Jack Tar: "Ho, landlubbers, ahoy! You may have any letters you please; But these are the ones that fill me with great joy, You'll guess I refer to the C C C."

Said Frederick Financier: "But mine are the best— The best of good comrades to me; I'll stick to them closely and scorn all the rest. Here's health to my choice—£ S. D."

MORE STRONG LANGUAGE.

(After "Don't Go Down the Mine, Dad.")
PRITHEE decline to descend into the excavation, paternal relative, Nocturnal revelations have hitherto been known to materialise; Parent, you are aware it would sever my circulatory organ Should any unforeseen calamity befall your person. So acquaint your fellow-toilers as to the purport of my aforesaid vision, For as certain as the constellations reflect the scintillatory rays of the solar planet, Some untoward occurrence will come into operation shortly— Beloved parent, decline to descend!"

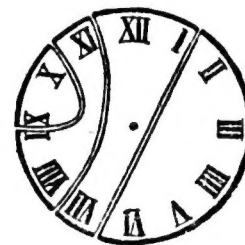
Solutions.

A ROMAN RHYME.

The words are comic, mimic, old, colic, ill, doom, cod, codicil.

ABOUT TIME.

The diagram here shows the answer:



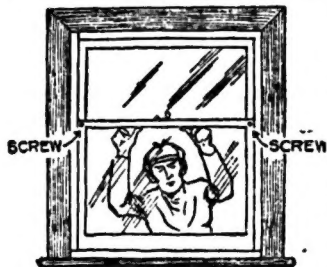
Everybody likes to get a rise in salary. Supposing you were asking for one—

Home-made Burglar Bafflers

Take a Tip from this Article and keep Mr. Sikes Outside Your Door.

THE holiday season is also the burglar's season. Bill Sikes likes nothing more than your absence to carry out his little plans. But because you are away there is no reason why you should not take precautions to keep your unwelcome visitor at a distance.

Before going on your holidays inform the police that you are going. They will keep an extra look-out. Every officer has special holiday-time instructions, and makes a note of all houses which



If you put long screws through the upright frames of your window, Mr. Sikes can only enter by taking out the glass.

Don't pull down all the blinds; this tells the burglar as plainly as possible that you are not at home. If you have a letter-box, remove it so as to let all papers fall on the floor. A letter-box soon gets full and betrays the fact that you are not there to clear it.

Another thing, tell all your tradesmen that you are going away so that they will not hammer uselessly at the door. Also, if they see anything suspicious happening, they will investigate, knowing you are on your holidays.

Leave one or two windows open at the top. This ventilates the house and deceives the casual glance of any passing burglar. A window can be secured by putting long screws through the upright frames, as in the first illustration. The only way of entering them is to remove the whole of the glass, as it would be impossible to work a screw-driver backwards, even supposing the heads of the screws could be found.

You can't lock the front door when you go away, but you can every other door.

The next couple of pictures, A and B, shows how you can defy the average burglar. Bolts are usually placed on a door as in A. The enterprising William merely cuts a hole as shown, puts his hand through and slips back the bolt.

Unscrew the bolt, turn it round, and screw it on again, as in B. As a rule, you will have to fix it on the slant because there is not enough room to put it square. The burglar will find after all his labour that he can't get at the bolt to slip it back. Most burglars will give up when baffled at their first attempt.

The third illustration shows two ways you can fasten a door securely in addition to bolts. Firmly wedge the door as shown and drive a bradawl through the wedge and the floor. It is useless simply driving the wedge under the door without

fixing it, for a burglar will slip a strong knife or other instrument under and push the wedge away. The bradawl dodge prevents this.

A is a strong nail pointed at both ends. Fix it lightly in the floor and the door. The more you try to open the door the farther the nail is driven into it and the floor!

Nothing frightens the average Bill Sikes more



Bad for Burglars' Nerves.

An assortment of domestic utensils are arranged on a table like this, with a long broom jammed against the door. As the enterprising burglar pushes the door, the kettle and pans are swept on to the tin bath below. Mr. Sikes usually bolts.

than a sudden noise. As a rule, he will clear off at once without troubling to investigate. The fourth picture shows a simple dodge. A table is placed close to the door and a broom fixed on it, as shown. When the door is pushed open, it forces the kettle and pans over on to the bath beneath, making a noise that will set your burglar sprinting up the street.

The last picture shows a similar dodge that is just as effective. A metal weight is attached to a thread fixed to a nail, A, and running over a nail, B. A nail is driven below the weight for it to rest upon and two nails placed just above it as shown.

When the door is pushed open the weight is pulled up and jams against the two nails. The thread snaps, and down comes the weight, banging and rolling on the floor.

Finally, remember that the more trouble you can give a burglar the better. Lock and bolt every door in the house, and see that your front door has a good lock on it. Chains are better than ordinary bolts at the top and bottom of doors. For one thing, chains make a great rattle when disturbed, and, for another, the burglar does not usually discover their existence until he has laboriously forced the lock.

BIRTHDAY NOTES.

Tues., August 27.

It is stupid to affect to be other than you are. You cannot improve upon Nature's work. She made a man of you; you can only make an ass of yourself.

Wed., August 28.

Arguing with a woman is like going into a shower-bath with an umbrella. What good does it do?

Thurs., August 29.

Man is disappointed if he doesn't get what he wants and dissatisfied if he does.

Fri., August 30.

It sometimes happens that after a man has made his mark he acquires a wife who makes him too it.

Sat., August 31.

When a girl marries for money, the devil is usually the best man at the wedding.

Sun., September 1.

A train of thought won't do you much good unless you get up enough steam to carry it through.

Mon., September 2.

Many a man attributes his business success to the fact that his wife needs the money.

Father Dead—Boy Born—Joy!

When King Alfonso was Born, Five Months after his Father's Death, Spain went Frantic with Delight.

THE birth of a son to young Mrs. Astor adds another name to the list of famous posthumous children. Of course, a child born after the death of its father is always an object of kindly interest, but the great tragedy of the *Titanic*, in which Colonel Astor lost his life, invests the birth of John Jacob Astor, junior, with more than ordinary interest. Years hence it will be his mother's sad duty to tell him the story of his father's death, although the memory of his heroism will take away some of the pain.

Young Astor's advent into the world actually affects no one but his family, but there has been at least one posthumous son whose coming saved a nation from anarchy. This boy is now His Majesty King Alfonso XIII.

It is difficult to realise to-day what his birth meant to Spain. His father died of consumption five months before he was born, and at a time when anything might have happened. There was, of course, a prince ready and willing to reign, but it was announced that the widowed queen was expecting an heir, and the whole nation prayed for a son.

When on May 17th, 1886, a son was born the country went wild with delight. There were, as was to be expected, many sceptics who declared that a daughter—who could not have succeeded—had been born and not a son, while others went so far as to publish their opinion that there was no birth at all. However, the absurdity of these rumours was soon proved, and the baby king was formally accepted by the world.

His mother was appointed Queen Regent, and for eighteen years she occupied the most difficult position in the world. Almost every day of her reign threatened to end the Royalist dynasty, but the brave woman fought and won against overwhelming odds.

Her greatest misfortune was the Spanish-American War, when the Spanish fleet was wiped out of existence, and the prowess of the proud old Catholic country lost much of its reputation. But Queen Christiana was able to hand over the throne intact to her son, and the question now is, will he be able to keep it for himself. His marriage to an English princess strengthened his hold, but the difficulties of his position are great, and he has not his mother's genius.

It is a little-known fact that the laws of England make due allowance for posthumous children. Thus, when the holder of a peerage dies without leaving a direct heir the successor—cousin, brother, or nephew—cannot enter into full possession of the estates until a period of nine months elapses. This is, of course, when there is a widow left by the deceased.

This rule is brought into operation even in the most obvious cases. When the late Duke of Devonshire died he left a widow who was over seventy. The duke was succeeded by his nephew, until then known as Victor Cavendish, but the heir was required to give a formal bond to return to the entailed estates such moneys as he received during the first nine months' of his aunt's widowhood should an heir be born.

In the history of the peerage there is a romantic story told of an old earl who wished his nephew and heir to marry a certain pretty girl. The nephew promised, but his courtship was of such a perfunctory character that when he did eventually condescend to propose to the girl she rejected him contemptuously.

The earl thereupon sent for her and requested to be given a reason for her extraordinary conduct, but she quickly gained the old man's sympathies by describing the unflattering way his nephew had courted her. The interview was nearing its end when suddenly the girl asked him:

"If you are so anxious to find me a husband, why don't you marry me yourself?"

He took her at her word and they were married, but the earl did not long survive his wedding-day, and it seemed that the nephew would gain the title and estates. A posthumous son, however, was born, and the nephew never lived to succeed.

Several stories could be told of disappointed mothers who have by the birth of posthumous daughters lost control of fortunes which have passed with the titles to distant relatives.

We Won't Use Your Trains.

When Railways have Quarrelled with Their Passengers.

A WAR is being waged between the S.E. & C. Ry. and the residents of the London suburb of Hither Green. Till recently two thousand of the latter have been season-ticket holders, but they have decided that the S.E. & C. Ry. shall know them no more.

The railway company have recently raised the price of "seasons." The season-ticket holders are retaliating by starting a service of motor-cars. A fleet of huge cars, each holding twenty-four, are to pick up the "season"-holder from his own doorstep and deposit him in town for the same yearly payment that used to suffice the railway company.

The most famous "season" war was that which the Great Northern had to fight in 1892. Tired of being defrauded by the man who makes a nod to the collector serve instead of a ticket, the company made the drastic rule that seasons were to be shown on every journey. Any forgetful "season"-holder was to be made to pay the ordinary fare, which would in no circumstances be refunded.

The tens of thousands of Great Northern

"season"-holders were up in arms. Indignation meetings were held. Some thousands of "season"-holders—chiefly young city clerks—bound themselves, if the company did not climb down, to spend all their spare time (including whole week-ends) in travelling to and fro till the demand for extra carriages due to the unprecedented traffic should throw the whole suburban service out of gear. The details were all arranged and the scheme was about to be put to a trial when the company suddenly decided it had gone too far, and yielded.

Disputes between towns and railways account for some curious geographical facts. When the Great Northern line was being built Stamford was a very flourishing market town exactly on the natural route north. But Stamford disapproved of railways, and refused to have the line. The village of Peterborough, a few miles off, was chosen instead.

To-day Peterborough is a town of forty thousand inhabitants, while Stamford, which at once started

rapidly decaying, has been wanting to kick itself ever since.

It was a similar haughtiness in the pioneering days of railways that accounts for the distance some towns, particularly on the Great Eastern, are from their station. Colchester station is nearly two miles from the heart of the town, all because of a long-forgotten squabble with the railway company.

The most crushing defeat passengers have ever given a railway company was that inflicted some years ago by the little Midland village of Huddersworth.

The price of half-day excursions had been raised. The village protested, in vain. For a month the excursions were boycotted. Then the whole village almost to a man swept into an excursion, refusing to pay fares. But there were no prosecutions. An ingenious London barrister, son of the village schoolmaster, was at the back of the village movement. He drew the company's attention to the fact that they had been careless enough to omit to comply with the Act of Parliament which stated that a company could not enforce fares or tolls if it neglected to provide mile posts alongside the line.

Parliament, by the way, still requires these mile-posts. The object is that travellers may be able, without going to the expense of measuring, to check the fare charged.

Bowlers, Beware of Lock-jaw

Complaints Peculiar to "Flannelled Fools" and Other Sportsmen.

VERY recently a big medical journal announced that lock-jaw is to be numbered among the dangers of cricket.

Those who render themselves liable to this terrible disease are those bowlers (and they are very many) who are in the habit of licking the tips of their fingers before delivering the ball, with the object of getting a better grip.

The surface of a cricket ball is, of course, thick with tiny particles of dust or mud, and it is in earth that the germ of lock-jaw lives; licking fingers which are constantly coming into contact with a cricket-ball may thus mean putting a lock-jaw germ straight into the mouth.

Besides the ordinary risks of cricket that everyone knows (knocks, broken fingers, and so on), cricketers may be surprised to hear that when throwing in from the outfield, it is possible to break one's arm.

Hartigan, of the South Africans, has had his season spoiled by breaking his arm while putting in a specially energetic throw. This is, as far as is

known, only the second case on record, though to put one's shoulder out when throwing is less uncommon; but the risk is obviously there.

Another accident that usually takes any but a veteran cricketer by surprise, is the fracture of a knee-cap. A blow from the ball will do this, of course, but a more common cause is a violent attempt to recover one's balance when the knee is bent. The next time you throw in a ball while falling backwards, you may be surprised to find you have stopped cricket for the summer.

Football, besides its commonplace kicks and strains, has a disease of its very own. Football Impetigo is its medical name, though "scrum pox" is the one more commonly heard. It is more frequent in Rugby than Association, and confines itself almost solely to forwards; halves and three-quarters rarely suffering from it. It is an acute skin rash that breaks out on face and neck and is highly contagious.

If one forward in a team gets it, the other seven usually get it, too. In fact, there have been at

times epidemics of "scrum pox" at various public schools and at Cambridge. It is not a dangerous ailment at all, and a visit to the doctor, plus a week or two's holiday from the game, usually sends it away.

No beginner taking up tennis thinks himself likely to suffer any harm more serious than a bang in the eye from the ball or a knock from his partner's racquet. But he may. "Tennis leg" is not particularly uncommon. If when dashing at the ball you suddenly feel as if someone had given you a violent blow on the back of the leg, you will know you have got it.

"Tennis leg" hardly lets you stand. In fact, you may have to be picked up from the grass before being carried to the club-house. The complaint is a rupture of some of the muscle-fibres of the calf, and it is caused by a sudden sharp strain, such as that which a quick dash after a tennis-ball gives.

"Tennis leg" is commonest among the middle-aged, but it may come at any age. Whenever it does, you may, as you lie waiting for the doctor, cheerfully resign yourself to the fact that your next game will be played next season.

"Tennis elbow" is less serious. It is an inflammation and swelling of the elbow of the playing-arm, and is due to playing back-handed strokes too energetically when out of practice.

The rowing man is peculiarly liable to boils.

Your Perfume Betrays You

You can Usually Tell a Woman's Character by the Scent She Uses.
The Domesticated Person Favours Wallflower Perfume.

Of course, everyone knows how easy it is to tell a person's character by the way he or she dresses, but very few people know that, as most women have a penchant for a special kind of scent and rarely use any other, their choice always arises from some characteristic of the person.

A certain French perfumier claims that he is able to tell by the appearance of a woman exactly what kind of scent she is going to purchase in his shop. He also declares that he can "read" the character of a woman by merely picking up and smelling her handkerchief.

For instance, the woman who gives her preference to Jockey Club, the most refreshing of scents, is invariably a bright, chatty, and rather frivolous person, who always looks on the best side of life. She also possesses a strong intellectual faculty, and proves a lively and entertaining companion.

Attar of roses is the favourite of the pampered belle of society. She is a woman of ease and luxury, and the fragrant, dreamy scent just suits her indolent person. It is usually she who carelessly deposits lace handkerchiefs on floors and elsewhere, and prefers to lose the dainty article to stooping to pick it up again.

But she who has a fondness for the purity of lavender water is always the refined and constant woman. She is never changeable in her friendships, and is as fresh and sweet in nature as is the faint odour always to be detected about her person.

The strong, subtle aroma of the Indian flowers

fascinates the deceitful, cunning woman, with a fine intellect and a powerful will. Phul-Nana is the scent which is always to be found on her dressing-table.

Not long ago a similar Indian scent of rare quality was conspicuous in a big murder trial. A handkerchief imbued with this odour was found grasped in the hand of a dead man as if he had clutched at his assassin.

Shortly afterwards his wife was discovered to be in possession of the same perfume, and this, among several other clues, enabled her to be proved the murderess.

Parma violet, strangely enough, is the favourite scent of the somewhat eccentric and emotional woman. She is flighty by nature, and is commonly known as a "gallivanter." This woman may be ardent, but she is always fickle in her affections. She is also extravagant with money, and careless with other people's possessions.

The woman with the artistic temperament, such as the musician, poetess, or painter, delights in white rose scent, which is a pure extract from the flowers themselves, without any adulteration. Other perfumes to this woman seem heavy and a little vulgar, and she loves the scent of the rose because it is cool and refreshing.

Frangipanni is the favourite perfume of the "fast" woman. She reads cheap novels and eats unwholesome food, smokes hard, and flirts whenever she gets a chance. She indulges to an absurd extent

in private theatricals, and is "catty" to all the women of her acquaintance.

The girl in her early twenties loves Eau de Cologne. She chooses it, not to enhance the attractions of her person, but because she finds its soothing qualities affect her health and spirits as no other perfume can.

Then the domesticated, thrifty woman has a weakness for wallflower scent, and this suits her particularly well, for she is able to make it herself at home.

In order to do this she procures fresh flowers, usually those of the darker shades, as their perfume is stronger, and sprinkles on them a small quantity of fine salt. Then she cuts squares of thin cotton, which must be dipped in the best Florence or Lucerne oil, and lays the flowers alternately, a layer of cotton and a layer of flowers, until a small basin is full.

She covers over the top with a cloth or piece of paper tied down tightly, and places the basin in the sun for fifteen days, when she finds the fragrance of the perfume almost superior to the essence ordinarily purchased at perfumers' shops.

EXPRESSING OPINIONS.

THE driver of the old horse-bus was ruddy of countenance, with a huge beard of the hue politely known as auburn.

The caddy he was holding up eyed him, and then his face brightened.

"Whatto, 'bussy!" he called coarsely: "I usester have a beard like that till I saw meself in the glass; then I cut it off."

But the bearded man was not dismayed.

"Much better 'ave left it on, mate," he returned gently. "I usester have a face like yours till I was in the glass; then I growed this beard."

TRY "MIDDLES" THIS WEEK.

FIRST PRIZE £150 OTHER PRIZES

£10 10/-
£5 5/-

FASCINATING AND SO SIMPLE.

"Middles" continue to be as popular as ever. In the contest below we are again giving away the splendid sum of £150, and other prizes as announced above. See if you can win some of this money this week. The result of "Middles" No. 25 appears below.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a sentence or phrase of two words (called a "Middle"), which shall have some bearing on the chosen word. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with the middle letter of the word you choose, and the second with any of the letters in that word, or you may use the middle letter as initial of both words of your "Middle." In the list of words the middle letter is in heavier type. For instance, suppose you take the word "BANGLES," the centre letter of which is "G." Use this letter as the initial for the first word and say "L" for the second, and we get "GLADDEN LADIES." Or, again, take the word "EXCITED," the centre letter of which is "I." We choose "I" as the other letter and get "INSULTED IRISHMAN."

WORDS FOR "MIDDLES."

The following is the list from which you must choose a word for your "Middles" this week:

WORKHOUSE	COMET	ARTILLERY	BARONETCY	BALLETS	POLEA
COFFISH	DASHING	RHEUMATISM	ARRIERS	DIPLOMATS	THERMOMETER
COALPIT	RID	STILTON	RUDDY	HYPOCRISY	VEGETARIANS
SEVENTY	COLLIER	BATTERY	STIPEND	NEWCASTLE	SCALP
SUITFELLY	EXCITED	WITCH	BANNERS	ICECREAMS	STATUES
FARCE	RIEND	STARGAZER	CONTENTMENT	STEAK	WIM NO
BAT	BALLOON	BANGLES	STATESMANSHIP	DIGNIFIED	BARRISTER

Below you will find two entry forms for "Middles." You are at liberty to use one or both. If you decide to use one, send a postal order for sixpence; if you use both entry forms you must send a shilling. You may send two "Middles" on each entry form.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

- All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified.
- Each entry form must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
- Each competitor must give his or her real name and address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
- When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, Pearson's Weekly, Hemmets Street, London, W.C.
- Mark your envelope "Middles No. 25," in the top left-hand corner.
- All attempts must arrive on or before Tuesday, September 3rd.
- There are two entry forms; you may use one or both. You may write two "Middles" on each. If you use the two entry forms a postal order for 1s. must be sent.
- Everyone who enters must send a sixpenny postal order for each entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to G. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "A Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.
- The first prize will be awarded to the sender of the "Middle" considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of ideas will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a "Middle" thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize will be divided amongst all such senders.
- Other prizes will be awarded by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.
- The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
- No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
- The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 25.

WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLES."
29	
I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."	
Signed	[No. of P.O.]
Address	

If you use the above entry form send a postal order for 6d.; if you use both the one above and the one below send 1s.

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 25.

WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLES."
29	
I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."	
Signed	[No. of P.O.]
Address	

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" NO. 25.

FIRST PRIZE, £150.

The first prize of £150 has been awarded to:—
R. W. RUDD, 24 Ivanhoe Crescent, Sunderland,
for the "Middle":—

MUSEUMS: EXCURSIONISTS' SHELTERS.

Prizes of £10 each have been awarded to:—
J. S. MAHONY, 36 George Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

R. M. PARRY, Heathville, Cheadle Heath.

Prizes of £5 each have been awarded to:—
Mrs. G. SAUNDERS, Partridge Green, Horsham.

Mrs. F. C. OSBORNE, 131 Bower Street, Maldstone.

Here are a few of the winning "Middles":—

FIGHT—Gladdens Irishmen. **COMPANY**—Prodigy Performs.
TABBY—Bird Backbiter. **BACKDOORS**—Domestic's Draw.
TAVERNS—Evictions Nightly. **INGROOM**.
VESELS—Sauceboats Safest. **AWKWARD**—Widow Reminiscent.
SPIDERS—Delivered Scotland.

PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

Balfour, Miss F. K., 13 Elmwood Road, Croydon.
Bottrell, N., Grammar School, Fulwood, Preston.
Butler, Mrs. F., Nottingham Road, Borrowash, Derbyshire.
Carroll, P., 10 Alder Street, Seaforth, Liverpool.
Coben, R., Stockton-on-Tees.
Coulthard, J., 15 Ancona Street, Sunderland.
Curphy, Mrs. A., 81 Sefton Road, Litherland, Liverpool.
Darson, W., 784 Shields Rd., Walker Gate, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Dean, Mrs. M., 48 Bromley Road, Walthamstow.
Dobson, Miss B., c/o E. Edwards, 14 Sea View Avenue, Church Road, Dublin.
Donohy, Mrs. E. P., Bilton Vicarage, York.
Elliott, Miss M., 5 Seabank Road, Egremont, Cheshire.
Ellis, A. W., 188 Wellgate, Rotherham.
Emmerson, Mrs. H., Clendon House, Station Avenue, Walton-on-Thames.
Fitzmaurice, Miss, 7 Lennox Mansions, Southsea.
Fletcher, Miss D., 84 Hampton Road, Southampton.
Goldsworthy, K., Clifton House, King Street, Brynmawr, Brecon.

PRIZES OF 5s. EACH.

Barker, W., 78 Towgate, Leyland, Lancs.
Bland, F. O., Murren House, 53 High Street, Newport, Mon.
Browne, G. F., Royside, Hallowell Road, Northwood, S.O.
Middlesex.
Brown, J., Beechwood, Strathaven, N.B.
Burns, Serg. A., 105 Fawcett Road, Putney, S.W.
Champion, J. D., Quincebrook, Liskeard.
Christopher, A., 10 Glenview Avenue, Hampden Park, Eastbourne.
Connolly, W., Warbracken, Galway, Ireland.
Cundell, E., Admiralty Wireless Station, Scarborough.
Deana, D., 2134 Kirk Road, Wishaw, Scotland.
Dicks, Colonel-Serg. J., Depot, Hampshire Regiment, Winchester.
Ellis, E., Central Hotel, Douglas, Isle of Man.
Everest, N. T., 13 Alderminster Road, Bournemouth, S.E.
Ewer, G. J., 11 Crosswell Street, New North Road, N.
Fillingham, Mrs., 135 West Parade, Lincoln.
Finn, D., National Health Insurance Commission, Dublin.
Gracey, H. K., 21 Albert Road, Bexhill.
Green, C., 10 Marlborough Terrace, Bursley, Yorks.
Gregory, C., 17 Victoria Avenue, Alma Park, Levenshulme.
Harding, E. L., Pook's Nest Road, Outwood, Wakefield.
Heritage, M. E., Lee Side, Page's Lane, Muswell Hill, N.

Higginbotham, Mrs. L. C., Warcham, Dorset.
Hoye, H. C., 105 Willows Road, Cannon Hill, Birmingham.
Hullin, J., Lower High Street, Guttery, Bolton-on-Trent.
Janson, J., 61 Mt. Esay Terrace, Eastmoor, Wakefield, Yorks.
Kelly, Corporal, Barakka, Wexham.
Lane, J. H., 8 Granville Road, Eastbourne.
McPail, R., 7 Windmill Street, Edinburgh.
Millar, J. P., 40 King's Road, Beth, Ayrshire.
Moses, H. C., 26 High Street, C-o-n-M., Manchester.
Morwood, J. W., Telney, Grimsby.
Naylor, A., Smithy House, Hale Bank, Widnes.
Oates, W. J., 28 Dickson Road, Dover, Kent.
O'Neill, J., 22 Jameson Place, Leth.
Phillips, B., 181 Beckenham Road, Beckenham.
Pine, J. H., St. Paul's Road, Chichester, Sussex.
Powell, J. W., Melrose Cottage, Northrop Hall Village, Flint.
Provan, A., 44 King Street, Manchester.
Ramsbottom, F., Romanby, Northallerton, Yorks.
Sadgrove, Mrs., Fairhead, William, Essex.
Shaw, A. C., 22 Cambridge Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.
Steel, R., 22 Baily Road, Doncaster.
Stratton, Dr. W., Bolsover, near Chesterfield.
Sylvester, T., 31 Harrison Street, Blackwell, Walsall.
Walker, Mrs., 10 Cranbrook Street, Lees Road, Oldham.
Walls, G. B., 49 Broad Oak Street, Nottingham.
Waters, Miss J., 10 Leyland Road, Lea, S.E.
West, C., 4 Arundel Gardens, Notting Hill.
Wilcock, S., c/o Engineer-in-Chief's Dept., G.P.O.
Wood, A. R., 15 Middle Road, Bournemouth, West.

PRIZES OF 2s. 6d. EACH.

Allen, G. S., 14 South Bar, Banbury, Oxon.
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A SPY UNMASKED.

A Tale of Love, the Sea, and a Deep-Laid Scheme to Betray Britain.

By HUGH BACKWATER.

The Principal Characters.

PETER HARDY.—A strange old recluse who lives on Mersca Island, off the Essex coast. He has invented a wonderful patent which applies to battleships, and he offers it to the British Government. The Admiralty send down—

LIEUTENANT LESLIE FREEMAN to investigate the discovery. The young naval officer's report on the patent is favourable, and the Admiralty offers Mr. Hardy £10,000. Leslie Freeman pays a number of visits to the inventor's home—not all on business—and he falls in love with—

CONSTANCE, Peter Hardy's beautiful daughter. Just before Leslie goes away on a sea-voyage Constance promises to marry him.

HUGO JACKSON.—A German spy whose real name is Schultz. He takes Cedar Lodge, an empty house close to the Hardys', and intends to steal the patent. He also falls in love with Constance Hardy, and plots to cut out the young lieutenant.

KATE MARSHALL is a pretty girl who acts as cook to Schultz. Some time ago he promised to marry her, but now he has changed his mind.

THE opening chapters tell how Lieutenant Freeman, returning from his sea-voyage unexpectedly, learns from Peter Hardy that some of the details of the patent have in some way leaked out. The details are useless, however, as they are incomplete. Mr. Hardy has a model of a battleship in his workshop which is the real thing.

Hugo Jackson is responsible for the leakage, and he poisons Constance's mind against her sweetheart to such an extent that she believes that he, Leslie, is the culprit. Consequently she refuses to have anything more to do with him.

A few days later Hugo Jackson quarrels with Kate Marshall, and she threatens to betray him to the police. After she has retired to bed the spy enters her room and stuns her. Then he secures her tightly with ropes and conveys her to his cellar. Following this he leaves the house, breaks into Mr. Hardy's workshop, and actually steals the model of the battleship.

The next morning Mr. Hardy is in a terrible state; his life's work is wasted. He hurries up to Leslie's room and breaks the news. Within five minutes Leslie is downstairs, eager to assist in tracking down the criminal.

One of the first people he meets is Constance. She looks nervously round as if to see that no one is watching her. Then she takes from her pocket a small silver object which she places in Leslie's hand. She stares at him coldly.

"I found this," she says, "on the floor of the workshop this morning while the policemen were examining the lock of the door."

Leslie looks in amazement from Constance to the object she has given him. He can scarcely credit the evidence of his eyes—it is his own card-case with his initials inlaid upon it in mother-of-pearl.

(You can now read on.)

CHAPTER IV.

"You Are in Terrible Danger!"

WHEN Constance Hardy left him, Lieutenant Leslie Freeman stood for a few minutes staring almost unbelievably at the object she had placed in his hand—his card-case, plainly marked with his initials. It was his; there was no room for doubt on that point, and Constance had found it in her father's workshop immediately after the discovery that there had been a burglary during the night, and that the precious model battleship, containing all the details of old Peter Hardy's latest and most wonderful invention, had been stolen.

Leslie Freeman knew that Constance had suspected him before of being concerned in the betrayal of the plans of the invention to Germany. He had thought, then, that her suspicions were as cruel and unreasonable as they were baseless, but now he had to confess to himself that she had grounds for believing him, an officer in His Majesty's Navy, guilty of a crime that was worse than mere theft—of being a traitor to his country.

There was a mystery here that Lieutenant Freeman could not unravel, but one thing was certain. The model had been stolen, and the thief, whoever he was, had apparently tried to divert suspicion from himself by throwing it on to Constance Hardy's lover. What could be the motive for choosing him? Could it be that the thief, too, loved Constance, and, not content with stealing the life work of her father's brain, was trying to rob him of his daughter, too?

Leslie racked his brain to guess who his secret enemy could be. He had not known Mersca Island very long,

but he had made many friends among the fishermen who composed the greater part of its population, and, so far as he knew, no enemies.

He felt sure that no native of the island was responsible for the crime. A sudden idea crossed his mind. He had almost forgotten, in the excitement of the last few hours, the strange conversation he had been forced to overhear in the garden the previous evening between Constance and the Hardys' new neighbour, Mr. Jackson, of Cedar Lodge.

Could it be this man who had poisoned his sweetheart's mind against him?

Could it be he who was responsible for the betrayal of the plans and the theft of the model?

It was just a suspicion—no more; and yet deep down in Leslie Freeman's heart something told him that he was on the right track.

He put the card-case in his pocket and went out of the house and along the garden till he came to Peter Hardy's workshop, the scene of last night's burglary. Two policemen and an inspector were already on the spot, making a careful examination of the premises, taking measurements, and searching for footprints. The latter was a fruitless task, for there had been no rain for weeks, and not a sign of a footprint was to be seen.

Old Peter Hardy was walking impatiently up and down, a picture of dejection. The missing model represented his life's work. By its means he had hoped not only to win fame, but to make enough money to provide for Constance after his death. The Admiralty had offered him £10,000 for the exclusive use of his invention, but now that it had been stolen, it would be betrayed to a foreign power, and the Admiralty would repudiate their bargain.

They would say that the theft had occurred through his carelessness, and the wonderful device by which he had hoped to make Britain's battleships almost invulnerable would be used by her greatest enemy as well, and place her on equal terms.

The old man confided his despairing thoughts to young Lieutenant Leslie, who, for his part, could give him little comfort. But his mind was busily working on the problem, and he asked a few questions, brief and to the point, about the burglary.

There was not much to be gathered. There was no clue as to the time it had taken place, except that it was after ten the previous evening and before six in the morning. The model was usually kept in a small wooden case, and weighed only about six pounds, so that one man could easily have removed it single-handed.

"The question is," put in Leslie quickly, "has the model been taken off the island yet? It seems to me that the police could be better employed in trying to find that out at once than in playing detective games with notebooks and foot-prints here."

"I've told them that already," replied the old inventor; "but the inspector's nearly as big a fool as the Admiralty. He has been busy for the last half-hour photographing a finger-print he's found on the lock of the door. You can be quite sure that this job was carefully planned, and I've no doubt that the model is well on its way to Germany by this time. It is a terrible blow."

He tried to speak unconcernedly, but he looked at Leslie with despair in his sunken eyes as if hoping that he would be able to give him some grain of comfort. But the young Lieutenant shook his head gravely. He had not the heart to hold out false hopes. He knew that the Admiralty would consider that the loss of the model was due to Peter Hardy's negligence. If once it got into the hands of Germany, the old inventor's last chance of the fortune he had worked for so long would have vanished.

There was nothing more to be learned in the workshop. He turned to go, and his mind went back to the problem. There was one chance, and one only, that might still save the situation. That was, if the model had not yet left the island, and if it could be recovered before it did so. He did not know where to begin his search; he had no clue to work on, nothing except his vague suspicion of the stranger to whom he had taken such an instinctive dislike the evening before.

Almost unconsciously he turned his steps towards Cedar Lodge. He would, if necessary, invent a

message from Constance as an excuse to call on the man Jackson.

As he approached the entrance to Cedar Lodge a telegraph-boy came out of the gate and went whistling down the road. A few moments later Leslie turned at the entrance. His heart beat rather more swiftly as he went along the avenue of trees that led up to the house. The trees were tall, and their branches interlaced overhead, and the shrubbery that ran along each side of the avenue was a tangled waste. Even on this bright September morning there was something sinister and forbidding about the place.

As Lieutenant Freeman drew near the house he saw that only part of it was furnished, and many of the windows were gaunt and curtainless. Mr. Jackson had seemed to him to wear a prosperous air. It was surely strange that he should live in a half-furnished house, and be content to leave his garden in such a desolate condition.

Leslie went up to the door. There was no bell, but only an old-fashioned knocker, with which he sounded a loud "rat-tat." He waited for a couple of minutes, but no one came. Then he knocked again. The sound echoed through the house, and still he waited, but there was no sign of life within. The same silence still persisted after a third knock.

Leslie put his hand upon the handle of the door, turned it, and the door swung inwards and looked cautiously inside into an old oak hall. He listened intently, but not a sound could be heard. He went cautiously inside and looked round. There was little enough to see. A couple of coats hung upon pegs, and two or three chairs and a table were the only articles of furniture the hall displayed.

There seemed to Leslie nothing at all that could help him. He turned to go. It seemed hopeless to give way to such childish suspicion. At that moment his eye lit on one other object. On the table was a telegram—no doubt the one brought by the boy he had met. It was open. The flimsy paper on which the message was written lay beside the torn envelope.

Within the last three minutes someone must have been there to take in the telegram and open it. No one had left the house, and yet no one had responded to his repeated knockings. There was a mystery here. Would the telegram provide the key to it?

Leslie Freeman was not fond of playing the spy, but there are times when it is necessary to cast scruples to the winds. This was one of them. He took up the telegram and read it slowly through. For a moment his face was blank, and then a new expression dawned upon it—an expression of mingled suspicion and triumph. The mystery was not solved, but he was on the track.

As Leslie stood there with the telegram in his hand the hush that brooded over Cedar Lodge was suddenly broken. A sound trickled out upon the silence—the faint sound of the distant tread of feet. It drew closer and closer, and yet Leslie could not tell whence it came.

With a swift movement Leslie replaced the telegram upon the table, and stepped back to the open doorway. A moment later there was the sound of a turning handle, and a door he had not noticed opened into a far corner of the hall. The pink-and-white face of Mr. Jackson, with its flaxen moustache and curling yellow hair, appeared in the opening, rising as it seemed out of the ground. He carried in his hand an empty cup and a plate. As he caught sight of Leslie he gave a sharp exclamation, and let the crockery fall to the ground, where it was smashed into a dozen pieces.

"Vot do you want?" he stammered.

Was it imagination, Leslie wondered, that made him think Mr. Jackson in his excitement had uttered the words with a distinct guttural accent and had said "Vot" instead of "What?"

"I could make no one hear," he replied coolly; "so as I was in a hurry, I just opened the door and looked in."

"I have brought a message from Miss Hardy. I don't understand it myself, but she said that you would be able to. I was to tell you that 'she is now quite satisfied with the evidence she has got, so she need not trouble you any further.'"

Mr. Jackson's suspicions seemed to be allayed, and a look of triumph flared up in his dull eyes.

"And she sent you to tell me," he said, with sneering emphasis. "I am obliged to her, I am sure. Will you tell her so—and, yes, you might tell her also that I shall hope to see her this evening. I am now going out for a sail, having been tempted by this delightful weather."

Leslie smiled to himself. Mr. Jackson did not know that his visitor had taken the liberty to read the telegram that was lying on the table between them, or he might not have been so communicative.

"You have a boat of your own, I suppose?" he said pleasantly.

"Not at present," replied Mr. Jackson. "Though I am fond of the water, I am not much of a hand in a sailing-boat, so I generally go out with one of the Mussett family, which seems to compose most of the population of this place. Jan Mussett is his name. In fact, I must be off at once. He has already taken my lug—I should say my luncheon to his boat, and will be waiting for me."

Lieutenant Freeman smiled grimly when Mr.

LADIES

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Some people find the greatest difficulty in getting up early, especially servants—

Jackson corrected himself. With the words of the telegram in his mind, he could make a shrewd guess at the contents of the luncheon-basket.

Fortune had played into his hands. All he had to do was to inform the police, and within half an hour not only the criminal, but his booty as well would be in their hands. With a curt "Good-bye," he turned to go; half way down the avenue a new idea struck him. If he let the police arrest the man the whole affair must come out. Jackson, spy and thief, would be sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, and then would be welcomed back to Germany as a hero.

As Lieutenant Freeman hurried down the road to the front his brain hammered out the details of his scheme. The first move in it was to see Jan Mussett. Jan happened to be one of his best friends, and he found him on the front, waiting about for his passenger. They had a short, hurried conversation, during which Jan, always cheerful, became even more cheerful than usual. The business was quickly settled to their mutual satisfaction, and Leslie hurried over to the Hardys' house, sought out the old inventor, and went with him to his workshop.

In the shed there was a model of a battleship, similar in many respects to that which had been stolen. It was one of many that old Hardy had used in the course of perfecting his invention, and he had discarded it because though it worked perfectly as a model, it was useless when made on a larger scale. It was a pretty toy, but worse than useless for any practical purpose.

This model Leslie persuaded Peter Hardy to give him. He did not tell him much except that he was on the track of the model that had been stolen, but that was enough. The useless model was carefully packed in a wooden case and Leslie got a boy to wheel it down to the front in a wheelbarrow.

He was about to follow it, when he came face to face with Constance in the hall.

"Why are you still here?" she gasped. "I warned you. You are in terrible danger. Oh, Leslie, you are mad to stay. I am not the only person who knows you—your father!" Her voice broke. "If you love me, go while you can. If you are arrested, I shall die with shame and sorrow."

Leslie's heart gave an exultant leap. Constance loved him still. He did not know by what cruel fate she had been made to believe him guilty, but he knew that in spite of all she loved him. He had no time to explain the riddle now.

"Good-bye, Constance!" he said tenderly. "We shall meet again soon, and then you will know how cruelly you have misjudged me. I must hurry away now." He paused, and his face broke into a whimsical smile. "It's a fine morning, and I'm going to spend it on the water. I think our friend Mr. Jackson is going to do the same. If you want to be amused, I should borrow your father's telescope and watch him. I fancy he is going to have some adventure."

He touched her cold hand, then turned and hurried off. Constance stood looking after him with bewildered frightened eyes. She had thought her lover was a criminal, and now she was beginning to be afraid that he was insane.

Yet he had promised that next time they met she should know that she had misjudged him. From the bottom of her heart she prayed that it might be so.

The next time they met.

Little did Constance Hardy know under what strange circumstances that next meeting would occur.

CHAPTER V.

On the Mud-bank.

The telegram which Lieutenant Freeman had found on the hall table at Cedar Lodge had been dispatched from London, and ran as follows:—

"Deliver sewing-machine Bend Head Buoy one o'clock. Countersign, Munich."

Between the lines of this simple message Leslie read much that would have escaped the casual observer. He had no doubt that what Mr. Jackson had referred to as his luncheon, and what the telegram described as a sewing-machine were both the same thing—namely, the stolen model.

He went leisurely down to the front, where he hired a small sailing-boat on which he stowed the wooden case containing the model he had obtained from Peter Hardy.

There was a smart breeze, and some distance ahead he could see the *Skate*, Jan Mussett's boat, already under way. He could see Mr. Jackson's rather

ungainly figure at the helm, and he smiled quietly to himself.

He waited until the *Skate* was well outside the anchorage before hoisting sail. Having done so, he hauled up his anchor, lit a pipe, and squatted down in the bottom of the boat, with a hand on the tiller.

Ahead of him, he could see the *Skate* plunging her way along in the freshening breeze. She seemed to be steering an erratic course; the coast of Mersea Island is infested with mud-banks and shoals on which unwary yachtsmen are constantly grounding their boats. No man on the island knew the position of these danger-spots better than Jan Mussett, and yet it seemed to-day he was allowing his amateur helmsman to shape his own course.

The *Skate* floundered along a few hundred yards further. Suddenly a gentle bump was felt. She shivered, bumped again, and then stopped dead.

Mr. Jackson started wildly to his feet, and looked over the side.

It was so shallow that he could see the bottom, with hardly two feet of water over it. The *Skate* was planted fairly and squarely on the mud.

Mr. Jackson wildly seized an oar and attempted to push the boat off. He might just as well have tried to push Mersea Island further away from the mainland. The *Skate* was a fixture until the tide rose again to float her off. But Mr. Jackson had not realised it yet.

"Come on, Mussett!" he shouted excitedly, still pushing wildly with his oar. "Take the other oar and help me push her off."



Hugo Jackson wildly seized an oar and tried to push the boat off.

Jan Mussett rose from his seat and looked over the boat's side.

"Tain't no good pushin' and shovin'," he remarked philosophically. "The old boat weighs nigh a couple of tons. You won't shift her now. I can't think how you was so foolish as to put her on, sir," he added reproachfully. "I should have thought everyone knew there was a mud-bank there."

He took out his pipe and began to fill it.

"How long shall we stick here?" said Mr. Jackson wildly. "I must be out at the Bend Head Buoy by one o'clock. A boat will be out there, waiting for me. How soon will the tide float us off?"

Mussett looked compassionately at his agitated passenger.

"You 'on't get out to the Bend Head Buoy to-day," he remarked. "The tide is ebbing fast, and there 'on't be no water to float us off till five o'clock this afternoon, or maybe half past."

Mr. Jackson's cheek turned pale, and he bit his lip.

"It's your fault, Mussett," he said furiously. "You ought to have watched where I was going."

"You're quite right, sir, it was my fault," agreed Jan politely. "But I didn't think you was quite so foolish as to pile her up here, I really didn't. I'll never let you touch the tiller again, when I'm in the boat—I promise you that."

Mr. Jackson was about to make an angry retort, when he suddenly caught sight of another boat passing them. He stood up, drew a pair of field-glasses from his pocket, and riveted them on the new craft as she sped out towards the open sea. There was only one

man in it—the young lieutenant whom he had found hanging about his house this morning.

He turned to Jan Mussett.

"Where is that boat making for, I wonder," he said, trying to speak carelessly. Jack glanced up.

"That'll be the *Iris*, with Lieutenant Freeman on board. I heard him say as he was going out for a trip round the Bend Head Buoy this morning."

Mr. Jackson gazed vindictively after the boat which, with a fair wind and tide, was rapidly growing smaller. Then he looked suspiciously at Jan Mussett. It was curious that he should have allowed him to sail the *Skate* on to the mud. It was doubly curious that Lieutenant Freeman should be on his way to the Bend Head Buoy. Mr. Jackson remembered with a start that Freeman had been alone in the hall while the telegram was lying on the table. Had he put two and two together and jumped to the right conclusion?

He pondered for a moment. Then he laughed unpleasantly. What good, he wondered, did Lieutenant Freeman expect to do by keeping his appointment at the Bend Head Buoy? He looked with a satisfied smile at a small wooden case at his feet. He still had the model. If one plan of getting it to its destination had failed, it only meant that another must be devised. He knitted his brows. He would hardly find Cedar Lodge a safe refuge if Lieutenant Freeman had really grown suspicious. It was a good thing, he reflected, that he had provided a convenient bolt-hole in case Mersea Island grew too hot to hold him. He smiled as he thought how amazed this blundering lieutenant would be at the completeness of his disappearance.

While Mr. Jackson, safely lodged on a mud-bank, was meditating on his plans of the future, Lieutenant Freeman in the *Iris* was speeding steadily out to sea.

The Bend Head Buoy is some miles off the land in the broad estuary of the River Blackwater. Knowing that Mr. Jackson was unavoidably detained, he was keeping the appointment fixed by the telegram for one o'clock that day.

The wind was steadily increasing, and the *Iris* scudded along, throwing the water up with her bows and smothering her helmsman with salt spray.

It was just before one o'clock when the buoy was reached. Leslie looked eagerly round the tumbling waste of water. The Bend Head Buoy marks the edge of a long spit of sand that runs out from the shore. If a boat of any size were to meet him there she would have to come up from the south-west. Leslie scanned the horizon with a pair of glasses. In the distance were some fishing smacks, and still further off he could see the smoke of a steamer—nothing more.

Had he misinterpreted the telegram? Was he out on a wild goose chase after all? He began to think so. Twice he sailed round the great red and white buoy, and was actually on the point of turning about and making for home when less than thirty yards away a large

round object, bluish-grey in colour, emerged from the water.

A landsman might have been at a loss for a minute to recognise it. Lieutenant Freeman had no need to hesitate. It was the conning tower of a submarine; more than that, he knew that it was a German submarine.

A minute later the body of the boat became visible, the conning tower was opened, and a head thrust out.

"Are you Hugo Schultz?" it asked.

Leslie nodded. He was by no means surprised to find that Jackson was an alias.

"Give the countersign."

"Munich," returned Leslie promptly.

"Correct! Have you got the case?"

"Yes."

"Then you had better come alongside and hand it aboard."

Leslie manoeuvred his boat alongside the sloping deck of the submarine, and handed over the case containing the bogus model.

When this had been done, an officer in uniform appeared.

"Aren't you coming with us?" he asked.

"No," replied Leslie, "I have still work to do ashore."

The officer nodded, raised his hand in a stiff salute, and disappeared.

A minute later the conning tower was closed down again, and the submarine sank down silently into the water.

So far Leslie's plan had worked admirably. But he had still Mr. Jackson or Schultz to reckon with.

He was not likely to be any sweeter-tempered for his long sojourn on the mud—specially if he were beginning to suspect Leslie of having a hand in getting him there.

The *Iris* was soon speeding back towards the anchorage off Mersea, when one of those accidents occurred which are always liable to upset the most carefully laid scheme.

The wind suddenly began to grow lighter and lighter until in an hour's time it had died away almost to a dead calm.

Leslie had intended to be home hours before the *Skate* was able to get off her berth on the mud. As it was, it was past six when he came in sight of home, and he saw the *Skate* had already gone in.

When at last he was able to land she had already been in nearly two hours. How would Jackson have employed the time? That was the problem that was puzzling Leslie. Probably for the moment he would have to hide the stolen model, as he would not dare to send it away overland, with the police scrutinising every bit of luggage and every parcel that left the island.

As he went up the road towards the Hardys' house, he came upon a little knot of people talking in low whispers with a white-faced policeman in their midst. The latter stepped up to Leslie.

"Have you heard the news, sir?" he gasped.

"No, what is it?" asked Leslie, staring at him in surprise.

"There's been a murder on the island—a shocking murder; leastways, it'll be murder before they've done with it, because they say the girl can't live an hour."

The girl! There was only one girl in Leslie Freeman's thoughts. He took the policeman by the arm.

"What girl? What's her name, and where is she?"

"I don't know her name, sir," answered the policeman. "I haven't seen her myself. But they found her in a cellar at Cedar Lodge twenty minutes ago, and, for all I know, she may be dead by now. She was supposed to be dying when I came away," he added gloomily.

Cedar Lodge! With a sudden pang, Leslie remembered that Constance had been going to call at Jackson's house, to call, as he now knew, in order that he might convince her of her lover's guilt.

Had she kept the appointment? Had she discovered Jackson's duplicity and fallen a victim to his fury?

Leslie pictured Constance with her golden hair and blue eyes lying cold and still in the gloomy house where he had interviewed Jackson that morning.

The thought maddened him.

Brushing the policeman on one side, he started running at top speed towards Cedar Lodge.

(To be continued.)

"I THINK my boy may turn out to be a champion pugilist."

"Pugnacious, is he?"

"Just the contrary. He palavers a good bit, but no boy in the street has been able to talk him into an actual combat as yet."

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Leichhardt's design was to march right across the continent from the east coast to the west, and as he had already led a successful expedition nearly three thousand miles through a previously unknown part of Australia, it was generally thought that he would be able to accomplish the task.

Still, there were some who doubted and prophesied disaster, and more than one wealthy friend of the doctor's refused to subscribe towards the expedition on the ground that they were not going to help him to commit suicide.

The members of the expedition numbered six whites and two blacks, an unusually large number for an exploring expedition of this nature, and besides being amply provided with flour, biscuit, tea, sugar, and so on, they drove along with them fifty bullocks and 270 goats. They had also spare horses and mules in abundance.

Wiped Off the Face of the Earth.

At that time the most westerly station in Southern Queensland was occupied by a squatter named McPherson, who dwelt on Cogoon Creek. From there Leichhardt wrote a brief letter as he was about to start into the unknown land beyond.

That was the last ever heard of him, or of any of his companions, and this notwithstanding the fact that expedition after expedition was afterwards sent out in search of them.

As completely as though they had been swallowed up by the earth, they vanished.

This is the most puzzling part of the mystery—its completeness. Had they been killed by the natives—as was at first wrongly reported—some relics of the explorers would long since have been recovered from them. In some shape the iron work of the implements and arms they had with them would have survived.

And what of the stock? Some of the goats, at

all events, must have been left alive, one would have imagined, for these are notoriously hardy animals, able to pick up a living almost anywhere. Yet none of these, nor any of the horses, mules, or bullocks were ever traced.

The probability is that the ill-fated expedition struck one of those waterless patches of country—common in parts of Central Australia—into which the blacks seldom or never venture. It is not difficult in this case to prophesy what would have been their fate.

Their reserve barrels once emptied of their precious contents, the little water carried by the men in their canteens would not last more than a day or so. In the shadeless bush, in that terrific heat, death comes swiftly under such circumstances. About forty-eight hours is the limit of human endurance. Usually half that time suffices.

The Sand Storm—and After.

The explorers, we may be sure, would struggle on to the last, however, husbanding their water to the uttermost drop. The animals would be the first to go, and the desperate expedient of drinking their blood would be resorted to.

Hotter and hotter grows the air, as the doomed men stagger further and further into the rainless desert.

Some lose their reason; all lose hope. Then comes the end. They separate and straggle away in ones and twos—and fall—and die.

Day after day the terrible and pitiless sun looks down upon them lying there, and sees them dry and shrivel into mummies.

And still no rain falls.

But one day, it may be years afterwards, there arises a sand storm of exceptional violence. The wind blows with all the strength and fury of an Arctic blizzard; but driving before it sand, not snow.

When it ceases, the desert is there as before: the same, yet different. Mountains of sand even where before were valleys.

The mummies have vanished from human ken for ever.

(Next week: "The Lost Lake of Gold.")



My £1 a Week

The £ a d. of Tale Writing.
By A YOUNG AUTHOR.



I HAVE just had my fiftieth short story accepted, and so brought my total earnings, from this branch of writing, up to £150.

Working mostly in spare time, it has taken me over three years to write and "place" these fifty acceptable stories. I have never considered that my most marketable talent lay in fiction writing, and consequently stories have hitherto been a sort of side line with me. But now I am tempted to be more sure of myself and to try and write at least one "seller" a week in future.

Like so many people I sold the very first story I ever wrote. It was about a professional footballer who had to leave his supposedly dying infant son at home and go away with his team to play in a tie in the English Cup. He played so badly before half time that the crowd almost made a butt of him and he lost his side a simple goal. At half-time, however, he received a wire to say that the crisis was happily over, and this so bucked him up that he went out and played like a new man, winning the game off his own boot in wonderful style.

I sent that story to a now defunct football paper and got, after calling at the office four or five times, a guinea for it. I have always thought that they had to whip round the office to get the money and get rid of me; anyhow, the guinea was made up of suspiciously odd silver coins.

Never More Than 4,000 Words.

This was an exceptional experience, however, and since then I have never been paid so badly or so grudgingly for my stories. Generally I have aimed at the monthly magazines and the better class weekly periodicals, which pay promptly at from a guinea to thirty shillings a thousand words.

Between two and three thousand words is, I have found, the most sellable length for a short

story. I have never gone above 4,000 words, and a little arithmetic proves that I have so far had over 100,000 words of fiction printed. £414.6d. is the largest amount I have made out of a single story.

Nearly every story I write is founded upon real life, in some shape or form. I find it much easier, and more profitable, to weave a story round someone I know, someone I meet in the street, a train, or a restaurant, or to work up a chance remark, than to sit down with the deliberate intention of thinking out a plot from nothing at all.

My Three Golden Rules.

My three golden rules have so far been to make my story perfectly plausible, to write about people, things, and life that I know something of, and, if possible, to make my ending a happy one. I am almost convinced that to sell short stories the happy ending is essential.

Besides the fifty stories that I have sold I must have written fifty that I have not sold. Some of them, on mature reading, have been too stereotyped and obvious to excite even my own biased feelings of admiration, but others have been rewritten with eminently pleasing results. It is wonderful how the entire alteration of a few paragraphs can sometimes alter editors' opinions of a story.

Some stories stand a chance of acceptance with a score of different publications, but generally I find it pays best to write with an eye on one particular magazine or periodical. Say to yourself before beginning, "This sounds like *Pearson's Weekly*; I'll write it for them," and it's more than even that the publication you have in mind will take your story if it is up to their standard in plot, construction, and writing.

OUR VERY HUMAN SERIES.



The Wives of the Workers

The Slum Doctor's Wife.

SHE sits behind the narrow sliding-panel at the far end of the shabby little surgery. Now and again the panel slides back and her husband passes through the prescription that she hastily makes up for a waiting patient. For two hours in the morning and three hours at night she works thus, easing the load of her life's partner.

Her day begins early—at an hour when most of the class to which she belongs are asleep. She has her housework to attend to. She must help the maid-of-all-work even in the roughest household tasks before they can together grapple with the problem of the mid-day dinner. Her three young children, too, must be got ready for the cheap private day-school, which is the best she can afford for their education.

Will Her Children Suffer?

This alone sometimes makes her discontented—that her children must inevitably suffer through the branch of his profession her husband has chosen to adopt. The drab slum parish in which they live, far removed from the haunts of suitable companions, the stale, disease-laden air, the bare sufficiency of the family income, will tell on their health and prospects in after life. But would she change it?

More than once the chance has occurred. His brilliant hospital record brought him many a lucrative offer that he refused, dedicating his skill to a higher cause than personal enrichment. When he met and won her, he offered to accept a post in a

sanatorium for rich consumptives that his experience had made his for his asking. But she loved the hero in him and came contentedly to live in the mean little house over his surgery.

Her relatives think her a fool, and have long ago given up calling upon her. The friends of her girlhood have dwindled away, but instead she has acquired new friends—friends drawn from amongst the many sufferers gratuitously relieved. This kind does not dwindle away.

She is younger than you would perhaps think, when you first look at her. Her surroundings are not well calculated to preserve the milk and roses of robust youth. But you will not miss the beauty of her face. It is a beauty that the slum itself has given her. You will see!

She Feeds Starving Patients.

Her husband is on his morning rounds, visiting those who are too ill to come to his surgery. There is a knock at the front door, and she opens it herself as is her custom. A thin, pinched woman, whom she recognises, asks for the doctor.

"Come in and wait, Mrs. Clark; the doctor will be back presently, and you can see him. Is it your poor husband again?"

She half pushes the caller into the waiting-room. There is no real need why the woman should wait and personally ask the doctor to call. But the doctor's wife has a reason; for a moment later she reappears, bearing a steaming cup of cocoa and a slice of cake.

While the woman takes the much-needed nourishment, she tells how her husband has had another of those dreadful coughing fits.

"Has he been having the milk and eggs my husband said he must have?" asked the doctor's wife.

"Oh, yes'm; 'e's bein' 'avin' 'em orlright, mum!" replies the woman. She is naturally a truthful woman, and tells a lie badly.

"Is that the truth, Mrs. Clark?"

For a moment the woman hesitates.

"Ow can 'e?" she blurts out bluntly, abandoning the hollow pretence.

The doctor's wife thinks. She knows that the consumptive's one chance of recovery, slender enough, lies in having the proper diet. Without it he will surely die. She feels helpless. Stay, she is not quite helpless. There is that sovereign her husband gave her to buy the material to make a long-wanted new dress. At a pinch she can wait a few months longer. In another instant she has fetched and pressed it on her caller.

Never Looks Dowdy.

Her home life really begins at night when the surgery has closed and the two tired workers are sitting over their evening meal. However fatiguing the day may have been, you will always find her sprucely attired in some neat half-evening dress. She is partner and mother and wife, and as wife she would count dowdiness a crime.

After dinner he smokes in the big arm-chair whilst she reads to him. She reads from a heavy black-covered book on medicine. He believes that in this way he will keep up and increase his knowledge. He knows that constant reading alone can advance him in his profession; and later, in middle life, he will perhaps specialise and leave the present neighbourhood for Harley Street—as the "worker's specialist," drawing huge fees from the rich in his spare time. So he has often told her.

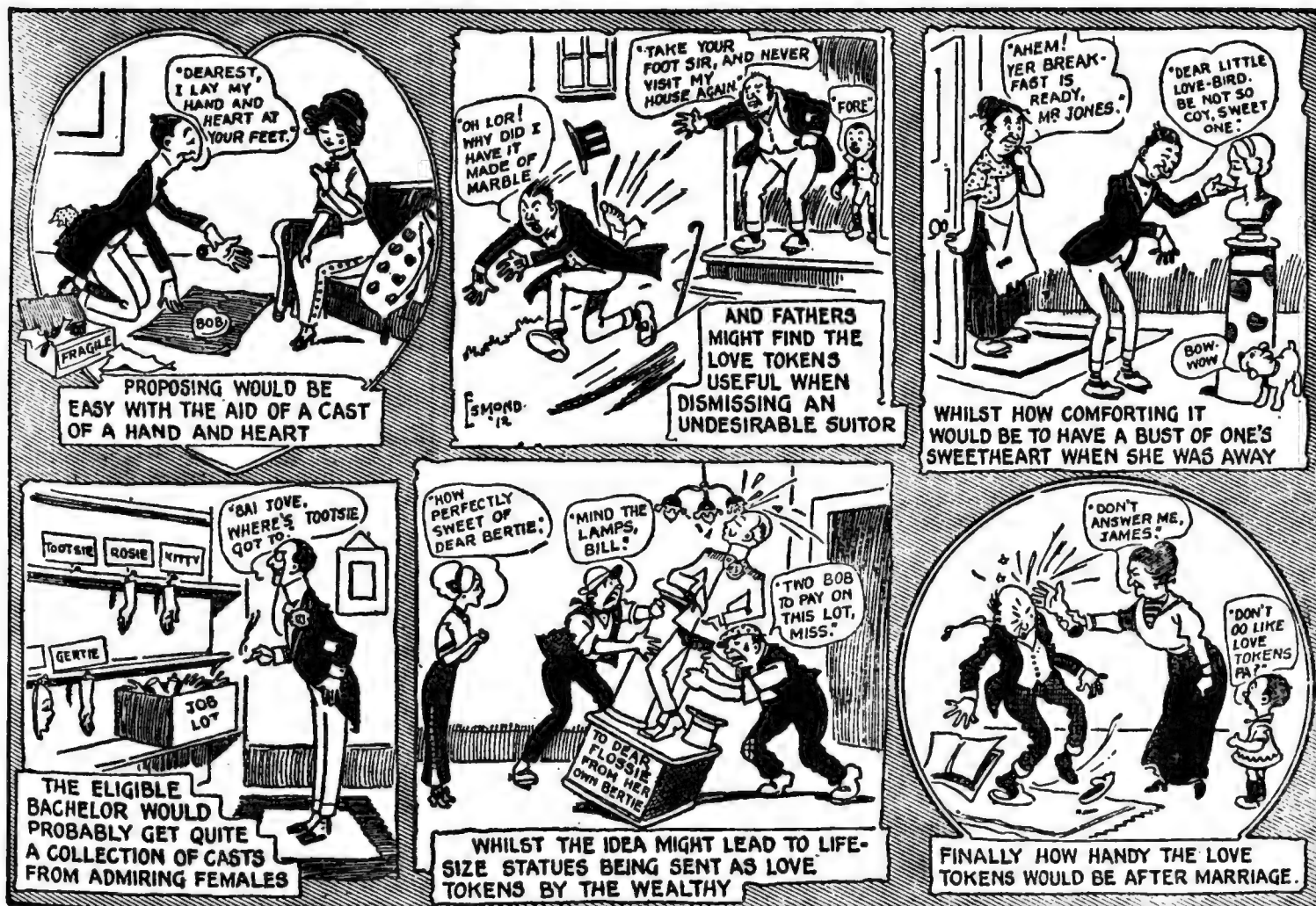
But while she reads, tired nature asserts itself. His head drops forward and he sleeps, worn out by his labours for suffering humanity.

Ever so silently she replaces the heavy book on the shelf with the others. She knows now that he will never specialise—that they will never take the proud place in the world to which her husband's talents entitle him. She knows that they will never leave the slum in which they live. But she has her reward—a reward that is not measured in riches.

(Next week: "The Labour Leader's Wife.")

GIVE YOUR SWEETHEART A PLASTER CAST.

The latest token of love or friendship for lovers is a plaster cast of the hand. These casts are exchanged instead of photographs. Below, our cartoonist suggests to what lengths this craze may go.



There are a good many things you would like to see invented. Some people, for instance—

YOUR LOVELY GARDEN.

Some Don'ts that will Help the Amateur Gardener.
By F. HADFIELD FARTHING, F.R.H.S.

So great is the volume of positive advice that is offered freely to the amateur gardener in these days that he is apt to become bewildered by the very multitude of his counsellors. Why not try an alternative method of seeking to solve the mysteries of the art of horticulture? "Don'ts" are valuable aids to memory, and there are many associated with simple gardening which require to be borne in mind constantly if serious mistakes are to be avoided. Here are a few:

Don't sow seeds too thickly. More failures are due to overcrowding than to any other cause.

Don't neglect to sow a few perennials in pots or boxes before the summer expires. A fine collection of arabis, campanulas, columbines, delphiniums, lupins, primroses, violas, and pansies can be obtained by next spring if the seed be sown at once.

Don't allow the seedlings to remain in the pots or boxes a day longer than is necessary. As soon as the second pair of leaves is formed prick the little plants off into larger boxes.

Don't, because the soil on the surface of a pot looks dry, decide too soon that it requires a great deal of water. Tap the side of the pot with the knuckles or a piece of stick, and if a light, ringing sound results, give water freely. It is the signal that the soil is dry throughout the pot. If the sound produced be heavy and dull, water sparingly or not at all. Judgment and care are required if the plant is not to become water-logged and the soil sour.

Don't feed pot or, indeed, any other kinds of plants with dry fertilisers or liquid manures when the soil is dry. Water first, and when the soil has been well saturated apply the manure. This will insure that the fertiliser will quickly reach the roots and afford immediate stimulus.

Don't in hot weather supply copious draughts of cold tap water to the bases of sweet peas. This practice causes the plants to receive a chill and a serious check to their well-being. Either use rain-water that has been preserved in a tub and has thus been warmed by the air, or, if this is not available, make holes with a piece of iron piping a foot on either side of the rows or clumps, slantwise in the direction of the roots, and fill the holes again and again with tap water until you think the roots have been sufficiently supplied with moisture.

Don't allow dead flowers to remain on plants either in the greenhouse or the outdoor garden. This means seed formation, a serious drain on the constitution of the plants, and rapid deterioration.

Don't wait until autumn to take cuttings of geraniums. Do it now and plant the cuttings either in pots or boxes, or in the open border.

Don't, in planting, use the dibber. Prefer the trowel or the small fork, since by their aid the soil can be thoroughly broken up, the bulbs or roots of the plant be settled comfortably in their places, and the soil be afterwards pressed firmly round them.

Don't allow dahlias to become thickets of useless foliage. Thin out both stems and leaves if large and shapely flowers are desired.

Don't allow clumps of the Madonna lily (*Lilium candidum*) to become too thick. Separate the bulbs now and transplant them in new clumps at a distance from each other of six inches.

Don't expose the aspidistra to an excess of sunshine and heat. It prefers partial shade.

Don't allow water to stand in saucers holding room plants or palms. This causes the soil to become sour and affects the health of the plant; and

Don't, above all, neglect to put room plants out of doors during steady rain. An hour under a heaven-sent downpour will do more good than a week of tap watering indoors.

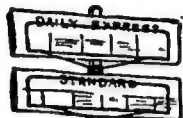
Picture Pans

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

A NEWSVENDOR'S FRAME.

In the morning where the 'buses stop there is nearly always a newspaper-man. He does a good trade by selling papers to passers-by and people waiting for the 'buses.



But often a person who is already on the 'bus wants a paper.

As the newspaper vendor is often prohibited from mounting a 'bus to sell papers, he overcomes his difficulty in the following manner:

He has a long pole, and fastened to it a number of wire frames as shown. Into these he places his papers, and when anybody on top of a 'bus needs one he holds up this

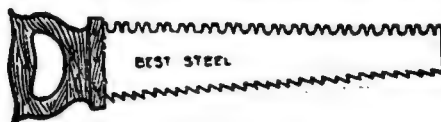
passenger takes the paper he wants.

Payment is made by dropping the coin into the box fastened to the pole for that purpose.

FOR AMATEUR CARPENTERS.

A new design in saws which meets the requirements of the average amateur carpenter has lately been introduced.

It is a combination of the big-toothed saw for



sawing heavy planks, and the single-toothed saw for light work.

The ordinary plain side of the saw, as the picture shows, is utilised for the big teeth, and the underside for the small teeth, thus making two tools in one.

DEATH TO INSECTS.

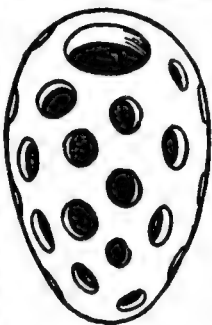
Insects, some so small as to be almost indistinguishable, are the greatest pests many classes of poultry have to put up with.

Sitting fowls in particular suffer from the annoyance, for they have no time to spend in dust baths.

In order to remedy this trouble, the poultry-farmer has called to his aid the article shown in this picture.

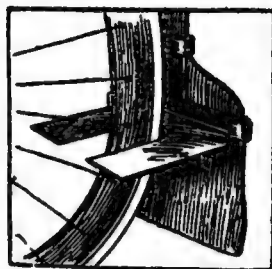
It is a hollow white china nest egg, perforated all over with small holes.

At the larger end there is a considerably bigger hole; by means of this a piece of sponge or rag, soaked in a special disinfectant, is pushed into the interior of the egg. The hen, thinking the egg is one of her own, sits on it, and the fumes of the disinfectant either kill or drive away the insects which torment her.



FOR CYCLISTS.

This picture illustrates a new mud-stop, which can be easily fixed on to the ordinary mud-guard by means of clips.



Cyclists will know that mud has a habit of returning from the guard and leaving a nasty trail on the rider's coat.

This new device, however, will prevent this trouble in future, for it is designed to catch all mud as it flies outward.

8,000 SMILERS.

Telling of the Gigantic Children's Field Day at Manchester, where over 8,000 Happy Youngsters had the Holiday of their Lives.

EIGHT thousand one hundred and fifty men, pies, 8,150 scones, 8,150 chunks of plum cake, 8,150 bags of chocolate, 560 gallons of milk, stored on horse-wagons, and preceded by a cavalcade of crates containing mugs, jugs, and cans necessary for the success of the feast, made quite a unique procession as it moved out from Manchester early on the morning of August 10th.

Few commissariat trains have ever set forth on their journey amidst scenes of more hearty goodwill and enthusiasm.

"It's Pearson's Great Day at Heaton Park," explained people one to another as they stared in crowds on their way to work in the early morning, and the drivers were rewarded with shouts of approval.

As the morning wore on an unusual stir was witnessed in various centres in the city, and in the neighbouring borough of Salford long lines of tram-cars were drawn up at given districts, and to these, headed by brass bands and Highland pipers, marched the thousands of little children into whose darkened lives the Fresh Air Fund can at least fix one memorable day of perfect joy.

Car after car was filled in perfect order and moved off amidst cheers of approval.

It was truly an inspiring sight to witness the radiant happiness of so many thousands of little people, a happiness fully shared by their elders and manifested by them in true Lancashire fashion.

Its only drawback was the pathetic tears of the ticketless little ones who could not be taken this year, and who ran after each car, hopelessly crying: "Take me! Oh, do take me!"

On arrival at the park gates, the energy and original zeal of the local organisation came splendidly into play.

Mammoth balloons were sent up; a fascinating Punch and Judy show enthralled excited little crowds; jugglers, ventriloquists, and acrobats vied with each other in giving pleasure to their vast audiences, while many of the little slum-dwellers found felicity in rolling about in the long grass.

That Manchester regards this "Pearson Day" as a great event was evident from the deep interest taken in it by the local authorities.

The Lord Mayor of Manchester sent a touching apology for non-attendance from North Wales, while the deputy Lord Mayor and Mayoress, Sir Charles and Lady Behrens, as well as the Mayor and Mayoress of Salford and their house-party, spent most of the afternoon with the children.

At 4.15 the bugle band pealed the tocsin for tea, and in seven minutes the 8,150 children assembled from all corners of the big park and gathered round their respective standards. A great choral grace was sung, led by the massed bands, and then after a mighty cheer had gone up for Pearson's F.A.F., the colossal feast took place.

During the meal the following telegram was sent to Their Gracious Majesties the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace:

"The 8,000 poor children of Manchester and Salford, enjoying Pearson's Fresh Air Fund Treat in Heaton Park, Manchester, send loyal and affectionate greetings."

It was not long before Their Majesties replied: "Please convey Their Majesties thanks to children assembled for their expression of loyalty."

From tea till 7.30 was spent in renewed merriment, and from then till 8.30 began the filing home which took place in perfect and orderly comfort. It has been the largest outing which has yet taken place in Manchester, and the Chief Marshal, Councillor J. P. McDougall, and Messrs. J. T. Ireland, and J. P. Barrow deserve the sincere compliments paid them by the civic dignitaries on a most emphatic success.

"Never has there been a merrier festivity," said an old worker who has been associated with Ragged School outings for 51 years. Music, song, and what is better, the laughter of happy children was there in abundance, but what lingers most in the mind was the vain cry of the fringe of weeping children on the pavement at Pendleton:

"Take me! Oh, do take me, too!"

(If you would like to send a contribution, you will find address and directions on last page.)

The New Adventures of Lieut. Daring

KIDNAPPED!

The Strange Disappearance of An Admiral's Daughter.



WHERE was the Admiral's daughter?

This was the vital question which the whole country had been asking—asking in vain—for almost twenty-four hours. From Land's End to John O'Groats there was but one topic of conversation: What had become of Miss Sybil Collington, only child of Admiral Sir Thomas Collington, and one of the most beautiful and charming girls English Society had known for many a year?

It was apparently one of the most diabolically daring cases in modern criminal annals. The facts of it pointed to a conspiracy of the most dastardly, ingenious, and desperate nature. They were briefly as follows:

For several days Lady Collington and her daughters had been staying in Southsea while Sir Thomas' flagship was lying in Portsmouth Harbour. Besides visiting the flagship frequently, they had accepted several invitations to parties and dinners from distinguished visitors and residents in the town.

From one of these functions, a garden-party, Miss Collington had disappeared without a word to her mother, who was also a guest at the affair, and without any explanation to anyone of her sudden departure. Only one person seemed to have noticed her go. This lady had casually remarked that a man had suddenly approached Miss Collington soon after she arrived, spoken a few words to her, and that they had then walked away together towards a side gate in the grounds close by where the man accosted the girl.

In the crowd this lady had paid but slight attention to what seemed a very ordinary incident. The only outstanding clue to the man's identity that she could give lay in the fact that he was bald and that there was what looked like a recent scratch on the top of his head. She had noticed that when he raised his hat to the girl.

It was about half-past three when Miss Collington and the mysterious stranger had disappeared together, and by six o'clock the true seriousness and meaning of the affair was made known to the girl's father.

His daughter had been kidnapped, and was being held to ransom in an attempt to force him to pervert the ends of justice.

He learned this from a telegram brought to his wife's hotel, where he had immediately gone on receiving the news of his daughter's strange disappearance. The telegram, which was unsigned and which had been sent off from the General Post Office, London, read as follows:

"Daughter unharmed and restored if Jensen found 'Not guilty.' Otherwise, vengeance taken. Lower your flag once slowly at ten to-morrow if terms agreed upon. It will be watched and so will court's verdict."

There, in a few words, was the sinister reason of the outrage. If, in his capacity of president at to-morrow's court-martial, Sir Thomas would see to it that the grave charge of communicating British ship secrets to a foreign power, preferred against a seaman named Jensen, born an Austrian but naturalised a Britisher, were dismissed, his daughter would be restored to him; if not—"vengeance would be taken."

"Vengeance taken!" The words haunted Sir Thomas Collington. Brave, hardened old sailor that he was, the thought of his daughter being in the clutches of these abandoned ruffians—of what form their vengeance might take—made him shudder.

The chief of the local detective force was announced as Sir Thomas was restlessly striding up and down his room, almost distracted by his thoughts.

"Nothing to report yet, Sir Thomas," said the man quietly, "but—"

"Here," said the Admiral, thrusting the wire into his hand, "read this. It's just come. I was on the point of telephoning to you."

"Scoundrels!" muttered the officer under his breath. He re-read the sheet carefully. "We may get on to a line through this, sir," he said as hopefully as he could. "Obviously the news that your daughter had been secured was telegraphed or telephoned up to London between four and five. I'll try and trace the message at once."

When he returned four hours later all he had to report was that no progress towards finding Miss Collington had been made.

And so, utterly dejected, the old sailor went to bed, trying in vain for a long time to get off to sleep in view of the now doubly heavy ordeal before him on the morrow. Only for a moment did he consider the proposal that he should influence the result of Jensen's trial, and then, almost angry with himself, he dismissed the idea contemptuously. To him his duty to his country was even greater than his duty to his child.

Meanwhile, two young sailors, good-looking, grave-faced officers, were sitting together in the modest hotel which they had made their headquarters during a few days' leave, earnestly discussing the whereabouts of Miss Sybil Collington. Long after her father had gone hopelessly to bed they sat and talked about the mystery—a mystery which acutely affected one of them.

"I tell you what it is, Daring," said the younger of the two. "I'll go crazy unless she's found soon!"

It's no good hiding it from you. I'm desperately, madly in love with her. We've known each other for a long time now, but of course I haven't dared to say—say anything because—well, hang it!—because I'm only a lieutenant yet. Still, she—oh, I hate boring you like this, old man—she understands, you know."

Daring leaned across and touched the other's arm lightly and sympathetically. "Yes, I know, old son, and I'll keep my head shut about that. Yes, we've got to find her—and, by Jove, we will, too, Carson."

Daring was up early in the morning, but Carson was before him, and he had skimmed all the papers by the time the latter got down to breakfast.

Nearly all the papers had set out in large black type the extraordinary telegram that Sir Thomas Collington had received, but as Carson dolefully said, none of them contained a line that was news to him. There were the few facts that were known, but the rest was conjecture. The police seemed beaten so far.

Daring did his best to affect an optimism that he did not feel. In his heart of hearts he realised that the situation was a desperate one; and after a quick breakfast he settled down to go through the papers and store every fact connected with the case in his mind.

"Now," he said, after half an hour's industrious, careful reading, "we'll go out and see what's doing, Carson. There's just a chance that we may get on the scent of something at ten o'clock. They're going to



He sits on the shore all day and reads

His "Pearson's Weekly." 'Tis all he needs!

(See first page.)

watch the Admiral's flag then, and it may happen that we shall spot someone looking at it worth following."

And so, dressed in ordinary blue lounge suite, Lieutenant Daring and his unhappy friend Lieutenant Carson, left their hotel and walked across Southsea Common towards the harbour. Each, before he came out, had taken the precaution of slipping a loaded revolver into his pocket. "A lot may depend upon a gun if we do strike a clue," Daring remarked.

It was well before ten when they got to the harbour, but already crowds of people were flocking to a spot from which they could view the Admiral's flagship.

"Keep your ears and eyes well open," Daring told his friend as the hour approached. But although they, the detectives, the newspaper men, the public generally present knew that an agent of the kidnappers must be somewhere at hand, it was impossible to say who he—or she—was or where.

Suddenly a neighbouring clock began to boom out the critical hour. Instantly every eye was turned on the Admiral's flagship. There, fluttering gently in the breeze, at the mizzen, was his flag. The clock went on chiming—eight, nine, ten! Scores of people had trained glasses on to the ship. The docks seemed almost deserted at the moment. No one moved towards the mizzen, and the little flag still went on fluttering in the breeze. A great burst of cheering broke out from those on the shore, and the crews of half-a-dozen ships at hand took up the shout and carried it on instantly and lustily. The Admiral had given his answer; he had put his nation's trust before the safety—the life perhaps—of his only child; he had chosen between duty and love.

There was an uncomfortable feeling in Carson's throat which prevented him from speaking, and Daring's face had a hard look in it as they moved away.

"It's awful—awful!" muttered the latter. "Let's get out of this, Carson; I want to sit down and think."

Looking very dejected, they found their way to where a military band was giving its morning performance. They stood on the edge of the crowd. The band finished its lively selection from a musical comedy, and after a moment's rest prepared to play God Save the King. Immediately it did so all the men present stood up and took off their hats—all the men except a middle-aged one standing next to Daring.

Overstrung, his nerves "all on end," as he put it, Carson suddenly looked up and caught sight of the middle-aged man. "Confound him, why doesn't he take his hat off?" he said irritably and louder than he intended to Daring.

"I don't know; but it's like his infernal impudence," replied Daring.

Instantly the middle-aged man turned upon them. "Mind your own business—dogs!" he almost hissed fiercely. "I keep my hat on, see, you puppies!"

"No, you don't, you see, you blackguard!" flashed Daring. He raised his hand swiftly as he spoke, knocking the man's hat off.

The man was baldheaded, and there was a slight scratch on the crown of his head!

For an instant Daring was too astounded to utter a word, and before he could say anything the stranger had crammed his hat back in its place and begun to hurry away.

The moment he was out of earshot Daring gripped Carson by the arm. "Did you see the scratch? It's our man. Separate from me; flank him. We must track him if he goes to London even."

Hastily the two young officers separated and began to shadow the man on either flank. He walked swiftly across the common towards the town. For ten minutes he led the way through various quiet side streets, Daring and Carson having frequently great difficulty in keeping him in view without running too great risks in disclosing themselves, and then presently he came to a large house, standing alone in its own grounds, and entered the gate.

The moment he was out of sight the two pursuers signalled to each other, and started to run. Daring had rather an advantage over Carson, and got to the gate first. A long carriage-drive led up to the house, towards which the man was approaching. Without a second's hesitation, or waiting for his companion, Daring quietly opened the gate, passed inside, and, getting off the gravel path on the lawn, stealthily and swiftly followed the man.

Without looking behind him the man took a key out of his pocket, opened the big front door and made to enter. At the same instant Daring bounded forward, and literally hurling himself upon the other they tumbled inside together.

Quick as lightning the middle-aged man wriggled clear and had a ju-jitsu lock on his antagonist. "Max! Jan! Carl!" he cried loudly.

In another second Daring was conscious that a number of big, strong men were surrounding him and that he was being held tightly and pinioned skilfully.

"He followed me all the way here—thought I didn't know—bah!" he heard the middle-aged man saying. An impatient knock at the door interrupted him. "That's the other fool. Let him in and treat him the same," he went on.

Two of the men dragged Daring, bound and helpless, into a corner, another went to the door to open it, and another stood by to jump on Carson.

"Shoot!" cried Daring, as the door was opened. But his warning was too late. The door was opened, two men pounced upon Carson, dragged him inside, and proceeded to truss him up, the middle-aged man uttering taunts and threats meanwhile.

But suddenly the whole band of ruffians stopped and listened. Outside, on the gravel path, a body of men seemed to be approaching at the double. Daring looked at Carson and smiled.

"Jim Sims and his crowd," he whispered; "I didn't tell you, but Jim's been shadowing us all the morning."

The next instant the whole place seemed to be flooded with big, broad shouldered British bluejackets.

The kidnappers literally ran into their arms and were promptly downed and held, while Jim Sims, catching sight of Daring and Carson in the corners of the hall, ran to them and undid their bonds in a trice.

"Hold them, men! Jim, send a man to telephone to the police at once!" ordered Daring. "Carson, get your revolver out and help me to search the house."

The officers went quickly from room to room. All were unlocked till they came to an attic at the top of the house. They tried the door and then knocked at it.

"Come in!" said a faint voice.

"At last!" exclaimed Carson. "Sybil! Sybil. It's I—Jack, dear! Stand away, we're going to break the door in!"

"Here, let me do it; my shoulder doesn't matter," said Daring, pushing the other aside. He stepped back, threw all his weight against the door, and heard it give.

"I'll leave the rest to you, old man," he said with his first smile for several hours.

"You timed it splendidly, Jim," said Daring to his trusty and tried assistant later. "We bagged the whole band beautifully. There'll be Sir Thomas's £1,000 reward to divide between you and your men."

"Yessir," said the petty officer. "Thank you, sir. And Miss Collington, sir?"

"As right as ninepence, Jim. They got her away by pretending that Lieutenant Carson had met with a motor accident."

"Yessir," said Jim Sims. Then, "Jensen's got ten years and dismissed the service, sir. I heard it just before I came here, sir."

(Another of Lieut. Daring's stirring adventures will appear next week.)



Mr Marshbank's 'Little Flutter'

An Amusing Little Tale of
the Turf.

By CHARLES TIBBITS.

"My dear fellow, this is
something like—something like!
Blows the cobwebs out of one."

Grand air, life, loveliness and—and just a little excitement."

Mr. Joshua Marshbank was addressing his companion in one of the inclosures at Ascot races. As he spoke he turned a beaming face around and surveyed the crowds, the gaily gowned ladies who adorned the inclosure, the horses, with the jockeys on their backs in gorgeous silks, as they cantered down to the starting post for the next race.

"Glad you enjoy it," replied his companion moodily. He was a young fellow with a somewhat pale face and one in which the pleasure that beamed in Mr. Marshbank's countenance found but little reflection.

Nothing in the world, Jack Travers had written to Mr. Marshbank a few days previously, when Marshbank informed him it was his intention to spend a short holiday in town, would give him greater happiness than to see that gentleman in London.

Still Travers might have found a keener enjoyment than that of chaperoning him about town had it not been for the fact that, in some strange way, the worthy retired provision merchant chanced to be the father of the sweetest and altogether most exquisite little girl in the world. He was Mabel's father! That was a great thing in his favour. He had arrived in London with a huge portmanteau, a wonderful check suit, and a large umbrella, and he had told Travers, as he stood in the young barrister's chambers in the Temple, that he meant to enjoy himself—he meant to be young once more.

When Travers once achieved the feat of making five hundred pounds a year, Mr. Marshbank had declared, Mabel should be his.

The young barrister groaned inwardly as he thought how far off that vision of bliss remained. But it would never do to let Mr. Marshbank suspect how poor he really was. The old gentleman had retired from business with a fortune and so was convinced one got what one deserved in this world. So Travers hid his poverty and borrowed money off his trusty chum Smith to enable him to do the honours of his prospective father-in-law's visit.

Perhaps there were few more wretched people on the course at Ascot that day than Jack Travers. Marshbank had swept him there in a species of exuberant juvenility—it was wonderful how young he seemed to become on a holiday by himself. He confessed to Travers he dared not attend a race meeting in his own district, but he loved horses. The air of Ascot, too, he pointed out would do Travers good and help to blow away some of those cobwebs that Marshbank regarded as the inevitable affliction of brains that concerned themselves about law.

"We shall have a bit of a job to catch the train," he said as he entered Travers' chambers, his face redder than ever with his haste to get there. "By the way, Trav, put some money in your pocket. I've forgotten to draw any and shall have to rely upon you. Make a note of what you shell out, my boy, and I'll pay up after."

For a moment Travers had sat paralysed. Then, recovering himself, he had slipped out and had raised a few sovereigns on his gold watch deposited with an obliging pawnbroker. He had a vague notion that Ascot was "a bit expensive." He was to learn later that his fears had fallen far short of the horrible reality.

"Look at me, my dear boy," Marshbank exclaimed, joyously demolishing his fifteenth sandwich at a shilling each in the refreshment bar, "I wonder it don't give you an appetite to see the form I'm in. And this hock is first rate. Take my advice and have a bottle. It'll wash away some of those confounded cobwebs."

But Marshbank's revelry amongst those refreshments was far from an appetising sight to Travers. Each mouthful he saw him consume made his heart sink lower and lower. He was tortured by the awful doubt whether, if this worthy father-in-law-to-be went on like this, he would have enough money to take them both back to town.

"I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much," declared Mr. Marshbank when they stood in the inclosure, looking around with his big, broad face beaming with pleasure. "Race number three, is it? By the way, ever tried your luck on the gee-gees, Travers?"

"Never!" replied Travers, with the amount of horror he thought appropriate thrown into his voice. "Never. I wouldn't think of it. No. The man who bets is on the road to perdition."

"H'm!" Mr. Marshbank was looking at his race-card. "Yes; quite right, quite! There's a horse here, I see, named Cornelia. I once had an aunt called Cornelia. Queer coincidence, isn't it? Wonder whether it's a tip?"

Travers was too astonished to make any remark. "Those betting fellows in the ring are shouting eight to one against Cornelia," went on Marshbank. "Of course I don't approve of betting, but, after all, you know, what's a sovereign just to see what it's like? We'll have a sovereign on Cornelia, my boy, just for the fun of the thing. There—there! Don't talk. The race will be over if you don't look sharp. A sovereign on Cornelia, my boy."

A sovereign on Cornelia? Was Joshua Marshbank mad? And Travers had only about enough in his pocket to take them home. He stared in speechless amazement at his companion.

"If you won't do it, my boy," snapped that gentleman testily, "I'll do it myself. Lend me a sov. and I'll put it on."

"If you really wish it," stammered Travers, as he darted away in the crowd. Lend him a sovereign, indeed? No. He would disappear from the old gentleman's sight in the crowd and return pretending he had put the money on Cornelia. The horse would lose and there would be an end of it.

A great shout rose from the crowd a few moments later—a shout that made Travers' blood run cold. "Cornelia! Cornelia wins!"

"Go and get the money, my boy," said Marshbank, "and I'll spot another horse for the next race. We're in luck. I feel we're in luck."

He was so absorbed in his race-card that he did not note the paleness of Travers' face when he returned to his side from his pretended visit to the bookmaker.

"There's a horse here now," said Mr. Marshbank, pointing to the card. "It's called Lame Duck. Sounds good, don't it? My wife Maria used to keep ducks and there was a lame one amongst the lot as I remember well. What are they shouting about Lame Duck, my boy. Ten to one? Go and clap it on, Trav. Stick the whole blooming nine pounds on. Suppose we lose? Well, what does it matter? We'll only lose what we never expected to have. Ten to one Lame Duck! My gracious! Look sharp, my boy, look sharp!"

Once more Travers disappeared amongst the crowd. Lame Duck, Mr. Marshbank informed him on his return, would be ridden by a jockey in a dark red jacket with a white star on his breast, and Travers' eyes sought eagerly to distinguish those odious colours as the horses dashed into view. Yes, there they were. The horse was a chestnut and the hateful colours swept more and more to the front, their only rival being a jockey in pale flashing lemon. On and on they came. He breathed a fervent prayer that Lame Duck might prove worthy of its name.

"Lame Duck! Lame Duck! Antelope! Antelope!" The names rent the air as the two horses came rushing forward locked in a desperate struggle. For a moment a great quiet fell upon the crowd; then a number shot up on the board. Lame Duck had won!

Ninety pounds! That was the sum Mr. Joshua Marshbank would expect him to have ready to hand to him later. Travers wiped the perspiration from his face. It was awful—awful!

"Ninety pounds!" exclaimed Mr. Marshbank exultantly. "And all inside forty minutes! Go and get the cash, my boy. I think we'll stop there. We've done enough for one day."

Ninety pounds! Ninety pounds! Once more Travers wiped the perspiration from his brow. He had formed a desperate resolution. His only hope was to get Marshbank to bet again and lose the lot.

"Ninety pounds!" he exclaimed with a wild laugh. Fortunately Marshbank did not detect how horribly forced it was. "What's ninety pounds? Nothing! What do people tell you? 'Run your luck.' 'Cut losses and run profits.' 'There is a tide that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' What's ninety pounds? Stop now? Pooh! Nonsense! It would be ridiculous—absurd! No, no! Cram the whole lot on another horse and win—win—win!"

Mr. Marshbank looked at him and his face became a little grave. He shook his head.

"I hope, Trav, my boy," he said, "as I've not been leading you into evil courses, innocently innoculating you with gambling fever? Just because we've won a few pounds you're like a tiger as has tasted blood. If a bit of luck like this should get into your head and lead to betting for the rest of your days—"

"It won't," almost shouted Travers. "It won't. I hate it. I hate it. But such luck! Such wonderful luck!"

"It does seem a pity to choke it off, I admit," declared Marshbank irresolutely, with one eye on Travers' face and the other on his card. "And there's a horse here—"

"Yes, yes!" gasped Travers. "That's the horse. A dead cert—a regular snip—a corker—a—"

"We'll just have this shot, my boy," Marshbank said. "Just this one. We can't manage more. It's the last race. Marriage Bells, my boy! Marriage

Bells! They're shouting two to one against. You're going to marry Mabel, aren't you? It's a tip, my boy, a clear tip."

Marriage Bells! With a ghastly laugh Travers set off once more in search of the imaginary bookmaker. If Marriage Bells won how much would he owe Marshbank? Ten minutes later he and that gentleman were leaving the inclosure. Marriage Bells had romped home.

"You've got the money stowed away safe, haven't you?" asked Marshbank. "No one going to pick your pocket, eh? That's all right. A pot of money like that makes one feel uncomfortable in a crowd. Take my arm. It'll be safer."

Reaching the railway station they set off on their journey home in a railway carriage in company with ten other travellers, who all seemed abnormally stout in the restricted accommodation of the compartment.

Travers was absorbed in melancholy reflections. It seemed clear that he had robbed Marshbank some how of close on three hundred pounds since they set out in the morning. That he felt was clear—quite clear, and he was wondering what the law would term the crime he had committed. Marshbank had won nearly three hundred pounds and he, Travers, had done him out of the lot. Would it be theft, embezzlement, misappropriation of trust money, or what? And Marshbank was Mabel's father, too.

He was recalled to himself by Mr. Marshbank nudging him violently in the ribs with his elbow.

"Trav, my boy," he whispered, "couldn't you slip that money down your back or somewhere? I don't like the look of these chaps in the carriage. That fellow over there—"

"They won't rob me!" whispered Travers, dolefully reflecting how impossible such a thing was. "They won't rob me."

It was in the crowd just outside Waterloo Station that Travers' mind suddenly became a blank. When he regained his senses he found himself lying on a bed in a little room with Mr. Marshbank bending over him and a grave-faced man standing beside him.

"Trav, Trav!" cried Marshbank, and there actually seemed to be a strange moisture in his little twinkling eyes and his voice trembled and was decidedly husky. "Thank heaven, Trav, you've come round."

"What's happened?" asked Travers feebly.

"It was those scoundrels in the railway carriage," answered Marshbank. "You remember that money you had in your pocket, my boy? One of the blackguards must have scented it. Anyway he gave you a crack on the head and the others went 'through you' as they say. I never saw such smartness in all my born days as they went through your pockets. Lightning was hardly in it. I did as much as I could with my umbrella, but before the police came the trick was done. They've bolted with the lot, Trav, every penny! And now, Trav, say you forgive me."

"Forgive you? What for?" asked Travers.

"What for? It wouldn't have happened only for that confounded money, would it?" cried Marshbank. "It's clear as noonday what they were after. The money's gone and that proves it. I've gone over every one of your pockets, my boy, and there's nothing but ninepence halfpenny and a bunch of keys left. The police wanted to make a fuss and get the numbers of the bank-notes and all that, but we'll keep it quiet. I wouldn't like it to get into the papers as Josh. Marshbank had been having a flutter. No. There now! Don't worry about the money, my boy."

Travers closed his eyes. Was there ever such a stroke of luck? He could hardly hide his joy. He was saved—saved!

"And, Trav, my boy," whispered Marshbank, squeezing the hand he held, "I've telegraphed to Mabel to come quick. The doctor says you'll be all right in a day or two, but there's nothing like a woman's hand to smooth a pillow, my boy. There! Hold your tongue. If I'm responsible for a fellow being nearly murdered I guess I'm going to do my best to make it up to him. You'll be married as soon as possible, Trav. I've got a few thousands in the bank, and—well, it's all I can do and you'll cry 'Quits' won't you, Trav?"

And Travers did—most emphatically.

"How was it when the chief called you in to lecture you that he grew so suddenly bland and kind?"

"I slipped my hat on to his seat, and he sat down plump upon it."

SHE HAD TRIED OTHERS

AFTER he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek against his and patted her under the chin, she drew back and said: "George, do you chafe yourself?"

"Yes; why do you ask?" he replied.

"I thought so!" she said; "your face is the roughest I ever—"

Then she stopped, but it was too late, and he went away with a cold, heavy lump in his breast.

ALPHONSE'S LOVE-' ADS.'

The Continental "Agony" Column is full of Passionate, Amusing, and Mysterious Messages.

THE Continental papers must derive a considerable income from their "Agony" columns, and for this they are indebted to England, which invented that method of love-making and communicating. But the English "agony" is as cold as an ice-cream compared with the kind that can be read in almost any of the dailies published abroad. Of course, the fact that the advertising rates are usually only about one-fourth those charged by English papers may account for the lengthy messages that make the "Agony" columns so full and interesting. Even passionate lovers have to take into consideration the question of price.

The Italians are fond of using the "Agony" columns. Here is a typical message taken from a recent Rome daily paper:

"Yesterday, when I beheld your beauteous countenance, I had not then received your precious, adorable letter. Imagine my desolation and misery! It was to me a veritable agony. I suffered for hours. I could not think a reason for your silence. But in the evening I again saw your adorable handwriting. Thanks, thanks, my soul, my queen, my star! I dream of you all day and all night. I think of the future and tremble with dread. My heart beats in unison with yours. If we should never meet again, dear one? But no, the thought is unbearable. My love! My love!"

"Always Thine. Little Cabbage."

Some of these correspondents have now adopted the plan of having their messages printed in English, and the result is always amusing. One of these reads:

"Always. Thanks. I could admire so well my little. How nice you were to-morrow. Come here I been so happy for your nearness. Fondnesses!"

Another attempt was worded:

"Dearest sweet! Love. Forget past and future Desolate days are gone. Hope and eternal spring Yours."

The French papers are full of interesting "agonies."

"My own heart," reads one, "thine Alphonse waits for thee near the cemetery. The sun is cold until I see thee. When thou appears thine eyes sparkle with the love that springs from a tender heart. Don't forget."

A lady advertises:

"Henri, my heart is breaking. Thou wast so cold when we last met. Forget—forgive. I am always thine. Little Cabbage."

The Spanish "agony" is difficult to translate, because the best specimens of it are usually rhymed sonnets. Spaniards specialise in love-making, and as the advertising rates of the daily papers are very cheap, it is not unusual to find one "agony" filling a whole column. One opens with a passionate invocation to the sun and stars, and then goes on to mention the chief physical beauties of the adored one:

"Thy feet make music in the stone clad streets; thy voice intoxicates the gods; thy ears were made for whispering loves; thy lips for passionate kisses. Won't you write me—only a line. I am to be found care of Sebastian, at the Cafe of the Red Hussar."

Wanted to be Loved.

A short time ago the following advertisement appeared in several French papers.

"Young lady, just come of age and possessing fortune of two million francs, desires to meet handsome youth with the hope that their acquaintance may ripen into mutual love. She is tired of fortune-hunters, and wishes to be loved for herself alone. Address Box —."

Everybody who replied received a communication from a benevolent old gentleman who represented himself as the young lady's lawyer, and who stated that he was appointed by the advertiser to interview prospective husbands to see if they were genuine or not.

It appeared that the lawyer had a positive genius for discovering fortune-hunters at first sight. Of course, there was a fee to be paid; a lawyer could not be interviewed for nothing, and hundreds of brainless young men who were thirsting to marry the heiress, and so escape work, gladly paid the fee of ten francs and saw the old gentleman. He promised to write to everybody who came to him, but after interviewing the last of his victims he disappeared.

When he was finally arrested it was discovered that he had cleared about twenty thousand pounds by the fraud. Of course there was no young lady, and no fortune.

Our Knowledge Tests

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

DO YOU KNOW THESE SIX PHRASES?

1. Letters of Junius.
2. Sweated Industry.
3. Accolade.
4. A Kettle of Fish.
5. Estoppel.
6. Hymen.

They are everyday expressions, and I want you to explain them. I will give six half-guineas for the explanations considered the clearest and best.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, Pearson's Weekly, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post it to arrive not later than Tuesday, September 3rd. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 90.

(1) SHIBBOLETH.

The explanation selected as the best was submitted by T. S. Hudson, Warsop Vale, Mansfield, and was thus worded:

A Hebrew word, meaning "an ear of corn," with which the Gileadites used to detect Ephraimites after the battle recorded in Judges xii. The latter could not sound the aspirate and pronounced the word "shibboleth." It is now used, generally sarcastically, to denote sectarian or party watchwords and ideas.

(2) RUNNING AMOK.

W. A. Main, 45 Rosslyn Avenue, Rutherglen, N.B., contributed the winning attempt, which was worded as follows:

When the Malays become maddened with opium they are wont to rush about shouting "Amok, amok!" "Kill, kill!" and attacking anyone who comes in their way. Hence, when a person attacks others irresponsibly and indiscriminately, either with the sword or the pen, he is said to "run amok."

(3) SHINTOISM.

The prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded to Miss F. Howe, 5 Ferndale, Lambert Street, Hull, for the following explanation:

Shintoism, "the divine way," the primitive religion of Japan, now revived and established as the State religion, consists of Nature-worship combined with hero-worship. It lies at the very root of Japanese national existence, the present Mikado reigning as the descendant of its chief deity, the sun-goddess Amaterasu.

(4) CATCHING THE SPEAKER'S EYE.

This phrase was best explained by F. F. Brooks, 2 Dronfield Street, Mere Road, Leicester, who wrote as follows:

When, as frequently happens during debates in the House of Commons, two or more members desirous of speaking have risen simultaneously, the Speaker calls upon one, the others immediately resuming their seats. The chosen member is he who, in Parliamentary language, succeeds in "catching the Speaker's eye."

(5) PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

C. Draycott, 24 Langdale Road, Liverpool, was the winner in this contest, and supplied the following definition:

The system of philosophy founded by the Greek mathematician Pythagoras, in which the root idea is that everything depends upon number, as sounds depend on the number of air vibrations. The system also included belief in the transmigration of the soul, that is, its passage from man to another body.

(6) SIXTH SENSE.

For the explanation which follows, the prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded to N. Ward, 1 Hillside Terrace, Bradford.

The sixth sense is that peculiar characteristic of certain people, usually with highly strung nervous temperaments, which is termed "intuition" or "instinct." It is that sense which warns a man of coming danger, and cannot be attributed to seeing, feeling, smelling, hearing, or tasting.



Here is a valuable free gift which will enable you to look fearlessly in your mirror and break all thought of hair poverty. By filling in the coupon below you may obtain free this valuable outfit: (1) A Bottle of Harlene for the Hair; (2) A Packet of Cremex Shampoo for the Scalp; (3) A Copy of Mr. Edwards' Private Book of Harlene Hair-Drill.

ROYAL HAIR-SPECIALIST'S APPEAL TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

Appalling Increase in Baldness and Hair Poverty Due to Neglect of Proper Treatment.

Which story does your mirror tell? Which story will it tell in a few years'—months'—possibly weeks' time?

Unless you are caring for your hair—unless you are giving it a daily two-minute "Harlene Hair-Drill" it will assuredly tell the terrible story of the mirror on the right of the picture.

AN EARNEST APPEAL.

It does not matter if your hair is strong and vigorous to-day, it does not matter if it always has been healthy—unless you start now to give it the treatment it demands, it will sooner or later—possibly within a few weeks or so—begin to show signs of neglect.

If none of these signs have shown themselves as yet, do not delude yourself into thinking that all is well with your hair.

Many women—and men too—in the past have thought so to their sorrow. There is an appalling increase in baldness in England to-day, due to this mistaken feeling of security. Mr. Edwards receives daily scores of letters from ladies and gentlemen imploring him to save them from hair poverty.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

But why hair poverty at all?

Mr. Edwards has been able to restore the health and strength to some hundreds of thousands of heads of hair by the use of "Harlene Hair-Drill." But he appeals to you not to wait until your hair has begun to suffer, he appeals to you to start now while your hair is healthy and guard against all the perils which beset your hair.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" not only insures your hair against all the dangers which threaten it. It will positively restore your hair's health even after years of neglect or improper treatment.

Even if you are quite bald "Harlene Hair-Drill" can and will give you once more gleaming flowing tresses with the natural glow of health.

NATURE'S OWN HAIR GROWER.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" cures all the following hair and scalp disorders:—Total Baldness (even of years' standing)—Partial or Patchy Baldness—Thinning of hair over the temples—Thin, weak, straggling hair—Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed—Hair which splits at the ends—Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking hair—Dry, brittle hair—Greasy, inelastic hair—Deposit of Scurf and Dandruff—Discoloured hair—Irritation of the Scalp.

GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.

Below there is printed a coupon.

Fill it up and send it (with 3d. in stamps to pay postage of return outfit) to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will be sent the following free Hair-Growing Toilet Gift. It contains:—

1. A bottle containing a week's supply of that delightful hair-foam and tonic-dressing, **Harlene for the Hair**.
2. A packet of **Cremex for the Scalp**, a delightful Shampoo Powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the hair for the Hair-Drill treatment.
3. Mr. Edwards' private book of "**Hair-Drill**" Rules, which shows you how, by practising them for two minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy and lustrous abundance.

All chemists and stores sell Harlene for the Hair in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles; Cremex in 1s. boxes of 7 shampoos, single shampoos 2d.; or you can obtain them post free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

This Coupon entitles you to One Week's Harlene Hair-Drill Outfit Free.

TO THE EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sir,—Please send me, by return of post a presentation outfit for practising Harlene Hair-Drill, including: (1) Free Bottle of Harlene for the Hair; (2) Free Packet of Cremex Shampoo Powder; (3) Hair-Drill Manual of Rules and Instructions for growing healthy and abundant hair. I enclose 3d. in stamps to pay carriage charge to the following address:

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Pearson's Weekly, Sept. 3rd, 1912.



Pincher's Progress

THE CHRONICLES OF A LONDON THIEF.
THE HARVESTER.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

"THERE'S a silly idiot writin' to the papers sayin' as how the happiest holiday he ever had was the one he's just spent workin' on a farm," said Pincher disgustedly, putting the paper on one side and feeling for his pipe. "Poet, that's wot he is, I'll bet. No one but a poet would write like

that, an' everyone knows that a poet is as near a lunatic as makes no difference."

I ignored the cruel remark anent poets. "Why are you bitter against life on a farm?" I asked, as, abandoning any hope of work, I produced whiskey and glasses.

"Cos I've had some," said Pincher grimly. "Harvester, that's what I was. Led into it, guv'nor, by one of them silly blighters wot writes about blue sky and golden corn, to say nothin' of pretty gals in print dresses an' fetchin' sunbonnets."

"You see, it was like this, guv'nor. I was stayin' in a little town in Norfolk; quiet place it was, an' not much to pick up, but I'd been havin' a bit of excitement an' wanted a rest, so I was more on holiday than business. I was stayin' at a little pub, an' in the bar I heard 'em sayin' as how the farmers were cryin' out for men to get in the harvest. It seemed the local Territorials were out for trainin', an' men were short."

"Well, guv'nor, I heard that the pay was good, that free beer was served round, an', remembering about wot I'd read of the blue sky an' the golden corn, red poppies, an' bloomin' pretty gals, I thought I might do worse than trot off to the nearest village an' take a hand in the game."

"I soon found a field where harvestin' was goin' on, an', goin' up to a stout man wot was bossin' the job, I asked to be taken on. Well, guv'nor, he didn't exactly welcome me with open arms, so to speak. He looked me up an' down very critical, an' then told me to join the others, an' he'd pay me a couple of bob at the end of the day."

"That certainly wasn't wot I called good pay, but as I'd paid nippence for a return ticket an' didn't know how the trains ran back, I thought I'd better see the thing through, though I hadn't any idea of makin' myself so hot as a lot of the silly asses were doin'."

"The blue sky an' dazzlin' sun were there all right, guv'nor, but that's the only part where the poets hit the nail on the head, so to speak. The corn was a sorter dirty yellow, an' mowin'-machines, which kicked up a row like a dozen or so aeroplanes, was cuttin' it an' chuckin' it in heaps. There was no pretty gals—leastways, not unless they're easily satisfied in those parts—an' there was no beer."

"I asked a chap workin' near me about the beer, an' he said there wouldn't be any beer for some time, as we'd only just started."

"Wot time will the beer be round, then?" I says.

"About half-past ten or eleven," he says.

"It wasn't much past nine, me havin' bin fool enough to make a early start, so, waitin' till the coast was clear, I slipped under one of the sheaves of corn an' had a nice comfortable rest for an hour, gettin' very busy again w'en I saw a man comin' along with a couple of gallon jars."

"Well, guv'nor, it was good beer, but there wasn't enough of it. I had all I could get, then I started work again (the farmer chap was standin' close by), but before long I felt as how I was overdoin' it, an' as the refreshment department wasn't to turn up again until dinner-time, an' the sun was gettin' hotter, I went back to my little doss-house."

"The flies an' other insects troubled me a bit at first, an' I was afraid I'd be spotted if I lit my pipe, but it was quite peaceful, an' wot with the hard work, the sun, the beer, an' the buzzin' of the mowers, I went off into a nice comfortable sleep."

Pincher paused, pushed his glass across to me, and refilled his pipe. There was quite a fierce expression upon his face.

"I don't want to be hard on any man," he went on,

evidently speaking by a very great effort, "but there's some men wot ought to be shot on sight. One of them harvester chaps was a case in point. A humorist, he called himself, but a dangerous lunatic is wot I should call him. I called him a lot of things at the time, but that ain't got no bearin' in the case."

"As I told you, bein' tired, I'd settled down comfortable in a sheaf of corn right out of anybody's way, an' doin' no harm. I don't know how long I'd slept, w'en suddenly I gave a yell an' sprang to my feet to find a big, red-faced chap calmly stickin' a sharp prong into the small of my back an' grinnin' like a Cheshire cat, whilst several more silly asses was standin' round grinnin' too, an' evidently encouragin' him to keep on."

"It was too much for me, guv'nor. I never stopped to think. I just rushed at the fool with the pitchfork an' landed him a beauty on the jaw."

"Now that ought to have been enough to show him that I didn't like bein' prodded, an' that I didn't want to have anythin' more to do with him, but that country bumpkin hadn't got no sense. Up went his fists, an'



before I could get out of the way he'd copped me a awful punch on the head an' another on the nose."

"That's enough of it!" I says, but he took no notice, an' w'en I laid down he picked me up just for the inhuman fun of knockin' me down again. Brute he was, guv'nor, an absolute brute, not makin' any allowances for the mistake I'd made in just tappin' him. Gentle, gentle as a lamb I was, compared with wot he did to me, guv'nor."

"Now," says he, w'en I was sittin' down tryin' to recollect where I was an' wot had happened, "don't you try slackin' or bein' rude again, or I'll hurt you next time!"

"W'en I felt pretty sure that he was tired of knockin' me down, I got up an' started work. Lor' how I worked, guv'nor, for that blighter kept his eye on me the whole time. Sweatn' like a bull I was w'en dinner-time came, an' I just flopped down absolutely done up."

"Then I heard some laughin' an' jokin', an' there was a party of gals an' young fellows, evidently big toffs in the neighbourhood, come to do a bit of amateur harvestin', an' get an appetite for lunch, whilst them that took it serious, blanked serious it was to me, was havin' their dinner."

"They sorter played at it at first, then the gals started egg'n' 'em on, an' the young toffs took off their coats an' waistcoats so as to make a better show. Now, I was sittin' away from the others behind one of them sheaves, an' those chaps, not seein' me, chucked their things on a sheaf quite near, an' then went off jokin' to do hard work for the fun of the thing, which just shows you wot the aristocracy is coming to!"

"Pincher, my lad," I says to myself, "unless you're a fool, you'll do a bit more profitable harvestin' an' quit."

"Well, it didn't take me long to crawl along the ground to where the things were. A gold cigarette-

case I got first, then two gold watches an' chains, an' a sovereign-purse with four quid in. One man, a blighter had only been wearin' a blazer (I mean, apart from the togs he was harvestin' in), an' there was a pipe, a tobacco pouch an' a box of matches in the pockets. Still, as I crawled back, I reckoned I'd got a clear twenty quids' worth of stuff, an' I didn't mean to wait for my two bob."

"My heart was in my mouth, so to speak, as I crawled on all fours towards the hedge, for I dreaded that the blighter wot had knocked me about would spot me, but the whole crowd of 'em were too busy watchin' the toffs an' talkin' an' eatin' to take any notice of me, an' after wot seemed an awful time I'd worked my way up to the hedge an' slipped through into the road."

"It was market-day at the town I was stayin' at, an', as luck would have it, there was an extra train due w'en I got to the station, an' I travelled nice an' comfortable, thinkin' of the excitement there must be in that cornfield. I paid my bill (the landlord had one of them suspicious men wot are always han' about) an' shifted off to another town. I suppose, takin' all things together, I hadn't done so bad, an' I got my revenge on the blighter wot had taken an unfair advantage of me."

"How?" I asked.

"I read about it in a local paper," said Pincher with a chuckle. "It seems, after I'd quitted, I thought he'd take another rise out of me an' amuse the crowd after havin' had their grub; he couldn't find me, an' was slouchin' off back to join his pals, an' tell 'em w'en the toffs wot had tired of harvestin' discovered their losses."

"Naturally they thought the chap they'd spotted prowlin' round the sheaves was the chap wot had collared the things, an' before Red Face could properly understand he was marched off to quod, the idea bein' that he'd hidden the things an' was goin' back to find 'em."

"He spent the night in the local gaol, an' it wasn't until the next mornin', w'en your humble was brought into the picture, so to speak, that the beaks tumbled to the game an' discharged him. They never found me, but, all the same, harvestin' isn't wot the poets call it, guv'nor!"

(Another of Pincher's Yarns Next Week.)

"I THOUGHT you loved a light-haired girl last year."

"I did, but she dyed."

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

HE was the happy father of a very pretty and bright little girl of twelve.

"Dad," she said to him one evening, while he was reading the paper, "every morning when I am going to school the boys catch hold of me and kiss me."

"But, Ethel," he said, "why don't you run away from them?"

"Well, dad, if I did, perhaps they wouldn't chase me."

He went on reading.

STOUT GENT.: (to applicant for post as chamber-cleaner) "Yes, I like your face. How long were you in your last place?"

APPLICANT: "Seven years."

STOUT GENT.: "What were you doing there?"

APPLICANT: "Seven years."

NO DIFFERENCE.

"URRY on, please!" urged the guard, rushing along the platform and slamming the doors.

The stout old lady struggled to enter a narrow carriage-doorway, but struggled in vain.

"Urry on, there!" yelled the guard, approaching her with fire in his eyes. "Urry on! Git in edgewise, mum! Git in edgewise!"

The would-be traveller showed a red, perspiring face over her plump shoulder, and regarded the official with an angry glare.

"An' wot," she snapped bitterly, ceasing her endeavours for the moment—"wot if I ain't got no edge?"

A GOOD BOOK FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

"THE Virgin of the Sun," by George Griffith, is the latest of Pearson's Sixpenny Novels. If you are going away for the holidays it is just the book you want. On sale at all booksellers, or post free (inland) 8d., from A. F. Sower, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

BUILDING A "FLYER."

Five Minutes in an Aeroplane Factory.

SINCE the Government of this country have interested themselves in the furtherance of flight, factories for the construction of flying machines have begun to spring up all over the country.

Disused skating rinks, picture palaces, and large halls are finding ready purchasers in aeroplane manufacturers, but only the most spacious establishments can thus be utilised, for the spreading wings of an aeroplane demand abnormal space.

The construction of an aeroplane is a most delicate task, as might well be imagined. The wood for the body of the machine, and the framework of the wings, has to be chosen with a care that would seem to border on exaggeration.

Next to ash, spruce and pine are the most popular woods. They are immensely strong, and yet they have a spring which gives to the sudden strains peculiar to aeroplanes without snapping or splitting.

In most factories the design for the body of an aeroplane is carefully drawn in chalk on the smooth floor of the factory. The size is exactly the same as the finished body is to be. Then the carefully chosen wood, with the grain running perfectly straight and true, is heated in boiling hot water and bent whilst soft to the dainty outlines of the aerial body.

Torpedo-shaped Bodies are Best.

In the monoplane, the most successful and favourite type of aeroplane, the body is shaped like a torpedo. Just as the motor manufacturers have discovered that the wind slides off the pointed nose of a torpedo-shaped motor-car, so aeroplane builders have found that this type of body offers far less resistance to the wind than the original square-shaped type of body.

Very carefully the body of the aeroplane is shaped, the different portions being nailed together by hundreds of tiny tacks constructed of highly tempered steel.

Wherever possible the framework is "fretted," which is to say portions are cut out of the wood to lessen the general weight. This is a most delicate and responsible task. Any portion of the frame which has to stand any special strain must never be tampered with in this fashion.

The wings of an aeroplane are built separately from the body and fitted on when the whole framework is finished. Many of the huge wing planes are now cut in three pieces, and constructed to fold up for purposes of conveyance. As is the case with the body of the machine, the framework of the wings is carefully shaped and fitted in order to give the maximum strength with a minimum of weight.

The fabric covering is fastened to the frame not as many think with some solution of glue, but with tiny tacks, each one of which has a tiny round washer at the head, which prevents the fabric from tearing away, should the head of the fastener rust.

Sacks of Sand to Test Wings.

The fabric, upon which the life of the airman depends is most carefully woven material composed of linen and cotton. It is then rendered proof against the ravages of time and weather by a thick solution of treacle like varnish, which renders the fabric taut and strong.

The wings of an aeroplane are subjected to very severe tests before the machine takes the air. A favourite method is to turn the machine upside down, and a number of sacks of sand are placed on the wings. The pressure exceeds by several pounds the approximate strain to which the wings will be subjected, and in this way their strength is gauged beyond possible doubt.

Perhaps the most difficult part of an aeroplane to furnish is the main skid. This is a thick piece of wood shaped like a hockey stick. As the machine descends it falls on to the landing wheels, and as these give with the springs and rubber shock absorbers, the machine rests on the skid placed in the front of the machine.

It will be realised that this implement has to be of exceptional strength, and aeroplane manufacturers often search for weeks to find a suitable type of wood, whose grain is perfectly even, and the strength of which is abnormal in comparison with its thickness.

NO USE SMILING.

THE new vicar was paying a visit amongst the patients in the local hospital. When he entered ward No. 2 he came across a pale-looking young man lying in a cot, heavily swathed in bandages.

There he stopped, and after administering a few words of comfort to the unfortunate sufferer, remarked, in cheering tones: "Never mind, my man, you'll soon be all right. Keep on smiling; that's the way of the world."

"I'll never smile again," replied the youth sadly.

"Rubbish!" ejaculated the vicar.

"There ain't no rubbish about it!" exclaimed the other heatedly. "It's through smiling at another fellow's girl that I'm here now."

POINTS ABOUT PRISON.

The Suffragettes Are Learning the Difference Between "Penal Servitude" and the "Second Division."

A PRISONER sentenced to not more than two years' imprisonment is merely "a convicted prisoner." Those with longer sentences are "convicts."

Penal servitude is not, as many people think, a harder form of hard labour. It is a name given to hard labour done by men serving a sentence of three years or over.

Practically all prisoners serving short sentences are given either hard labour or imprisonment in the second division. The latter form of imprisonment is only given for trivial offences.

Prisoners in the second division can see their friends, read books, and write letters, besides having no work to do. Those sentenced to hard labour work six-and-a-half hours a day, and can neither see friends nor send or receive letters.

For women hard labour means, in short sentences, doing heavy laundry work or scrubbing floors. For men it usually means stone-breaking, sometimes picking oakum.

Prisoners sentenced to the "first division" (the division many convicted Suffragettes have been asking for, on the ground that they are political offenders) have the easiest time of all.

Prisoners in the first division, like all prisoners awaiting trial, may wear their own clothes, have their meals sent in, and receive their friends. They may also get newspapers and magazines sent in.

Prisoners sent for trial in London seldom have to wait for a month, owing to the frequent sittings at the Criminal Court and the Sessions. In the provinces prisoners sometimes have to wait as long as three months for the Assizes.

For all women prisoners—both those convicted and those awaiting trial—Holloway is the prison. Aylesbury is the prison for women convicts.

Though all perfectly-behaved convicts can claim as a right that one-fourth of their sentences be knocked off, with those sentenced for life no such right exists. At the end of twenty years each case is considered on its merits.

Work done by convicts does not nowadays compete with that of outside tradesmen. Much Government work is done instead, such as making mail-bags, ships' fenders for the Navy, and cartridge-cases.

COULDN'T TAKE IT.

MRS. GREATHEART took in the miserable-looking tramp, and gave him food (half a crust), coin (a halfpenny), and clothing (an old boot); but when she discovered him in the act of pocketing sundry spoons and forks, the generous woman waxed exceeding wrathful.

"Leave the house!" she cried.

"But, madam—"

"Begone!" she screamed, bristling with righteous indignation. "Leave the house, I say!"

"As fer begone, ma'am," quoted the disrespectful one, as he turned to leave, "right-oh! I'll do it as quick as winkin'! But as fer leavin' the 'ouse, ma'am—well, I didn't intend ter take it."

MURDER BY MICROBES!

Bottles of Death-Bringing Germs as Criminal's Stock-in-Trade.

The injection of death-dealing microbes from bottles into his victims' skin was the heinous manner in which a Russian doctor committed murder. His scientific experience had taught him that there was nothing more deadly than disease germs once they had found lodgment amongst the skin-tissues. In our own country the deadly germ menace is ever present, and nothing has waged such successful warfare as Zam-buk against their ravages amongst the skin-tissues.

Though the skin is one of the body's main defences against disease, the danger of trouble being set up in the skin by germs is a very real one. Even simple roughness, cracks on the hands, or the tiniest cut or scratch, are known to lead to such troublesome complaints as fiery eczema and flesh-eating ulcers, because immediately the slightest break in the skin occurs hordes of poisonous germs swoop through the opening into the tissues.

A Deadly Battle.

Just under the surface of the outer skin, floating about in the blood, are armies of minute living bodies called corpuscles, whose work is to combat these invading disease germs. Directly the skin is broken these corpuscles swarm to the surface and engage in deadly fight with the invading germs. It often happens that the invaders are the more powerful, and the battle then ends disastrously for the skin, which is corrupted by the dead germs and soon breaks out in festering sores or unsightly eruptions.

This shows that even in the case of the slightest injury the skin requires an effective helper, possessing antiseptic and germicidal power that will keep out or destroy these invading germs, prevent the poisoning of the tissue and build up new healthy skin. This helper has been at last discovered in Zam-buk, which is a powerful combination of certain rare herbal extracts that are refined and united together by costly scientific processes, without which the wonderful, soothing, healing and disease-destroying properties that make Zam-buk so famous cannot be obtained.

A Wonderful Building Process.

This wonderful balm possesses an antiseptic and germ-killing power that has no equal, and when the balm is smeared over a wound or sore a perfect process of restoration is begun by purifying the bad place, and then completed by building up new tissues in place of those damaged and destroyed by disease. Used immediately the skin is damaged, Zam-buk can be depended upon to stop inflammation and ward off blood-poisoning. In cases where, through neglect or wrong treatment with common ointments, disease germs have got a hold and set up festering, eczema, ulceration, or ring-worm, Zam-buk will penetrate to the root of the trouble, destroy the germs, expel the bad matter and disease, and make the flesh healthy.

Owing to the extreme care taken in its manufacture, Zam-buk's reliability and wholesomeness remain unimpaired for any length of time, and the balm's wonderful effectiveness is helped by the absolute purity of its composition.

The Result of Extreme Care.

In Zam-buk there is neither lard, coarse animal fat, or any mineral drug such as are found in ordinary ointments; and some idea of the skill and elaborate care necessary to achieve the high standard of healing efficiency gained in Zam-buk may be gathered from the fact that it usually takes three months for a box of Zam-buk to pass from its first to its final stage.

A cure obtained by Zam-buk for eczema, ring-worm, festering sores, flesh-eating ulcers, blood-poisoning, piles, bad legs, etc., is permanent, and it is upon a unique record of success that the reputation of Zam-buk so solidly rests. A one-and-three halfpenny or two-and-ninepenny box should certainly be found in every home.

The proprietors gladly allow everybody to test Zam-buk free of cost. To get a free trial sample send your name and address to the Zam-buk Company, Greek Street, Leeds. Mention PEARSON'S WEEKLY, September 3rd, and enclose a 1d. stamp to pay return postage.



He Thought He Was a Murderer

The Story of a
New Tonic.

By ROY VICKERS.

"I BELIEVE," said George Eshelby, still holding his sweetheart's hands excitedly—"I believe I've found a way!"

Madge Comber regarded him with flushed surprise. "Is it—is it 'Galvanium'?" she asked. "Oh, George! I knew it would be a success. I've heard several people in the village who've taken it—"

She recounted the praises of the tonic that had been invented by her lover, and together they discussed what it meant to them.

When George Eshelby became, by the death of his father, proprietor of the only chemist's shop in Little Hazleton, he learned for the first time that there was a heavy mortgage on the house and business. As the takings were barely sufficient to support his mother and himself, there seemed little chance of his ever being able to afford a home for the girl he longed to make his wife.

But instead of reviling his luck during the long intervals of waiting for customers, he had set his active brain to work—and Galvanium had been the result.

George Eshelby believed in Galvanium as an artist believes in his masterpiece. It was his ideal of what a popular tonic ought to be.

"I think Little Hazleton's taking to it," he said. "And, you know, I've had one or two orders from the trade—chemists in neighbouring villages. That shows the demand is spreading."

"I believe it will catch the eye of some of the Big People!" she said enthusiastically.

"Not likely," he replied glumly. "The market is overcrowded already."

"But, *supposing*—" she persisted. "It was on the very next day that the incredible happened."

A stranger, with London written all over him, entered the little shop. George Eshelby thought at first that he was a traveller, but there was something about the stranger that hinted at authority.

"I've been looking at this speciality of yours," he announced, after the usual formalities. "Quite a nice little line! I congratulate you!"

He spoke patronisingly of the medicine's merits. George noticed that he kept referring to it as a nice, or a go-ahead, or a smart "little" thing.

"To come to business," said the stranger. "I suppose you wouldn't care to sell it?"

"I have had one or two offers," said George skilfully, salving his conscience by the recollection that a friend had jocularly offered to buy his patent; "but I haven't been tempted so far."

"I guess I could tempt you right enough," said the other. "What price five hundred pounds for the formula and rights outside this district?"

Five hundred pounds! The mortgage worked off and—Madge! His heart beat furiously. He felt an impulse to seize the stranger by the waist and make him dance a mad jig round the shop, smashing as many bottles as possible.

With an effort he kept his head. And there flashed through his mind the absurdity of the offer. Galvanium could not be worth five hundred pounds. Either it was a comparatively valueless local affair or it was really worth developing on a national scale—in which case ten times that sum would be a trifle.

"Before we go any further," he temporised, "I should be glad if you would favour me with your card."

Reluctantly the request was complied with. George Eshelby read the name of the biggest firm of patent medicine manufacturers in the world.

"You may tell your firm that my terms are five thousand down and a permanent seat on the directorate," he said incisively.

The other read resolution in the young man's eyes. It would be dangerous to dally with a man like this. "Done!" he cried. "I am the junior partner, and can fix the deal right away!"

He would rather have paid double the sum than let the patent slip into other hands.

Flashed in a few moments from drab insufficiency to wealth and fame! The thought was overwhelming! Almost George Eshelby felt that it threatened his sanity. With a trembling voice he called to his assistant for a powerful sedative.

A week later George Eshelby was sitting in his little room at the back of the shop wrestling with the details of the coming formation of the company. It would

be several months yet before the scheme would be started and the money paid.

The assistant put his head in the doorway. "I've got something to say to you as soon as you've time," he announced.

"You can say it now," replied George.

There was a touch of tartness in his tone; but it could not fairly be ascribed to haughtiness on account of his changed position. He had never liked Carvick. Once they had been rivals for the hand of Madge Comber—at least, Carvick had once hoped that his passion might be returned. And it was at the girl's request that George Eshelby had employed him as assistant when he had lost his former situation through dishonesty. Carvick was a thoroughly capable chemist and a hard worker. But although Eshelby could find no fault with him professionally, he felt all the time that his assistant hated him because he was the successful lover. Had Eshelby but realised it, this hatred was fanned to a white heat by the promise of a great career.

"I feel it my duty," began Carvick, "both to you and the public, to call your attention to a little discovery I have made."

He produced a corked test-tube from his waistcoat-pocket.

Instinctively Eshelby felt alarmed. There was something sinister in his assistant's manner—in his tone of voice, in the way he handed him the test-tube.

"This is Galvanium!" exclaimed George.

"Yes," replied Carvick. "Hold it to the light and examine it. Look closely. Ah!"

Had Eshelby been less excited he would have noted the unmistakable tone of triumph.

"I—I don't understand!" gasped George. "There is a sediment here. It looks like particles of a metallic nature."

"That's precisely what it is," said Carvick. "If you analyse them—as I have—you will find that they are of a highly poisonous nature. So long as the public refrains from shaking the bottle they will doubtless be safe enough. But if anyone accidentally disturbs that sediment"—he shrugged his shoulders—"I should say it would mean a pretty bad case of appendicitis!"

At first George Eshelby was dumfounded. At length, finding his voice, he murmured jerkily:

"Impossible!—it can't be right!—a sediment like

**Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand,
And see what we will give you.
(See first page.)**

that is out of the question. Why, man, how could it form itself from—"

"It couldn't form itself from the drugs while they are fresh!" retorted Carvick. "But directly they get a bit stale—"

He launched into a technical discourse. As every one knows, certain drugs change their properties when they get stale; and it was upon this fact that Carvick used clever technical arguments to convince George Eshelby that his hope of a great career was blasted—that so far from being a healer of the public, he might well become a wholesale murderer.

"Quick, fetch another bottle!" said George.

Carvick fetched not one but a dozen bottles. Tearing the printed wrapper from each George scrutinised them closely.

In moments of extreme affliction human nature does not, as a rule, cry out. A very severe blow temporarily benumbs the emotions. It was with complete calmness that the man to whom Fortune had dealt so crushing a blow addressed his assistant.

"Withdraw all stock from sale," he ordered. "For the present make some excuse to customers who ask for it. I will think over what explanation to offer later."

In the most casual manner he turned up the telegraphic code of the firm that was buying Galvanium and wrote out a telegram explaining the news and intimating, in precise business terms, that their contract was at an end.

On his return from the post-office he found a woman in the shop talking earnestly to his assistant.

"Oh, Mr. Eshelby!" she cried, turning to him. "My Emma's come over that queer!" She recounted her little daughter's symptoms. "I can't think 'ow it is," she concluded, "cos she's been taking that there tonic of yours regularly."

George Eshelby swayed and clutched the edge of his counter. His gaze met Carvick's, and the latter nodded.

For an instant he struggled for his composure.

"Mrs. Morris," he said slowly, "I am afraid the symptoms sound rather grave. I advise you to call in a doctor at once."

Then, seeing the woman look doubtful and guessing the cause, as he knew she was very poor, he added:

"I will see to the account. Go home at once. I will 'phone Dr. Williams, and he'll be there as soon as you are."

"Those symptoms?" he hissed when he was alone with Carvick.

"Looks uncommonly like it," replied the other meaningly.

George Eshelby hurried to the woman's home and waited outside until the doctor emerged.

Dr. Williams was too anxious to puzzle over the chemist's special interest in the case.

"Appendicitis," he said. "Acute form. Operation within twenty-four hours her only chance. The awful part is," he added confidentially, "I am too good for a job like that. No practice! We haven't time to get her to hospital and so—"

"We must have a specialist down!" broke in Eshelby curtly. "Tell me! Who is the man to have? I'll wire him at once!"

"Sir James Clarke is about the only man who will pull her through," replied the doctor; "but, you know," he added, "Sir James doesn't work for nothing."

"I am paying for this," replied the other. "What will it cost?"

"You might get him to do it for fifty pounds," said the doctor, "though his normal fee is a hundred. Fifty pounds!"

So this was to be the end of his precious invention! Instead of the wealth, fame, and happiness he had thought within his grasp—dishonour and destitution!

For an instant a dreadful thought crossed his mind. Why say anything about it? Why not bribe Carvick to silence? He would wire the firm he had made a stupid mistake. Then, even if Galvanium were a dead failure, he would at least be sure of his promised £5,000.

The struggle was soon over, and his better nature triumphed. He thought of the suffering child—suffering, as he told himself, through his own bungling—and waited anxiously for the reply wire.

When it came it only brought fresh anxiety. "Sir James not expected back till eight-thirty," he read.

And the last train left London for Little Hazleton at nine-fifteen! What if the doctor missed it?

With tragic slowness the day dragged on. Again and again his mind reverted to the problem of how he should break the news to Madge. Marriage with her, which had seemed so near, was now no more than a remote possibility. It would mean starting afresh in London as an assistant and working up—and even that depended on whether the specialist could arrive in time to save him from [the consciousness of being a murderer.

Shortly after nine his telephone tinkled. Sir James Clarke had arrived home and would set out as soon as possible.

By midnight the operation was over, but the great specialist had not yet come out of the coffee-house. Numbers of villagers who had heard that Eshelby had sent for Sir James—and thought it a mere act of philanthropy, natural enough in view of the rumour of his sudden wealth—were hanging about to hear the result of the operation.

The parents were required to wait outside to give more space to the doctors within.

At length the suffering mother, breaking down under the suspense, gave voice to her fears. "Oh, she's dead! I know she's dead!" she cried helplessly.

The villagers waiting in the road heard her, and quickly the news was spread. In a few minutes it had reached the two men in the chemist's shop.

Immediately the yokel who announced it had disappeared, Carvick rose without a word and left the shop. The other heard him mount to his bedroom.

For half an hour George Eshelby stared straight before him in a partial trance.

He was aroused by the opening of the shop door.

Dr. Williams entered, followed by Sir James Clarke.

It took the combined persuasion of the two doctors to convince Eshelby that the operation was a success, that the child would certainly recover, and that the rumour of failure had only arisen through the mother's excusable hysteria.

They were still discussing the details when suddenly the loud and unmistakable crack of a revolver burst through the stillness of the house.

For an instant the three men stared at each other. Eshelby was the first to recover, and rushed to the back of the shop, the others following with an instinctive knowledge that their skill would be required.

In a pool of blood on the floor of his bedroom Carvick lay motionless. Life escaped as the doctor bent over him. On an adjacent writing-table, the ink still wet, lay the explanation of his mysterious death.

"I hereby confess," it read, "that in order to encompass the ruin of George Eshelby, I deliberately added certain injurious crystals to a number of bottles of his tonic Galvanium. One only of these has been sold, the one that has killed the child."

"Poor fool!" said Sir James. "First, the child he thought he had killed will live. Next, the cause of her illness was not as he thought, but a tiny speck of glass she had swallowed."

The company thought all the more of George Eshelby for the telegram he sent them. That confidence in him and his great tonic was justified, you will see if you study the windows of any chemist's shop throughout the civilised world.

And Madge, needless to say, thinks that she has the best husband in all the world.



25 Years in the City Police

Told by Ex-P.C. LANGDON.

(Mr. E. T. Langdon has recently retired from twenty-five years' service as a constable in the City of London Police Force. During that period he came into active contact with many of the crimes and criminals of London.)

MYSELF v. Mr. "HOMES," PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

"If you do not solve the problem, you had better not show yourself back here; you are one of those plodding men who make hard work easy."

This was the semi-humorous threat that my superior officer held over me and the nice compliment that he paid me when once detailing me for duty in connection with a murder case in the country.

I had been hurriedly sent for from the streets to see the Chief of our detective force. "Mr. Baron," he said—Baron was the name I always assumed in plain-clothes work—"I have specially sent for you to go down to the country and investigate a murder. The County Police have applied to us for a man to help in the case, which is at present baffling them."

When I got to Thornyborne (that isn't the real name, but it will do), I was met by the inspector of the local constabulary, who was very genially disposed towards me, and with whom I worked until the mystery was cleared up. The first thing we did was to visit the scene of the murder, the details of which were as follows:

Some Poachers were Suspected.

Major Ledman, a local resident, had been found lying in his preserves, foully murdered, his head having been smashed beyond recognition almost by some powerful instrument. Suspicion had fallen on some poachers, who, it was known, the Major had warned off his land when he had caught them snaring his rabbits. But there was no proof against them.

I also learned that on the morning of the murder the Major had severely censured his gamekeeper respecting the latter's drinking habits. The man had been under the influence of drink at the time, and very high words had passed between him and his master.

It also came to my knowledge that after this row the Major had taken the keeper on to the golf clubhouse and given him some golf clubs, which belonged to a Captain Watson, living on the neighbouring estate, with instructions to deliver them to that gentleman.

During my first day in Thornyborne I got no "forrader" in the mystery, but on the morrow, when I again visited the spot where the Major's body was found, in the hope of picking up a clue, I was rather surprised to find two gentlemen there before me. One of them was Major Ledman's brother, the other was a private detective, whom this brother had employed to try to clear up things.

Laughed and Jeered At.

I had never been on a case with a private detective before, and, frankly, I did not altogether like the superior sort of way in which Mr. Ledman flaunted him at me, so to speak. He laughed and jeered, and was very hasty with sneering remarks concerning the police in general. Still, he did, in the end, condescend to ask me to collaborate with his private detective, who I will call Homes.

We worked on that day without bringing matters to a head, and on the morrow Mr. Homes called at my lodgings and left word asking me to go and see him.

"Well, Mr. Baron," he smiled, "still groping in the dark, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "still groping. I trust, sir, that you have had better luck?"

"Ah!" he replied mysteriously, "if you care to pay me a visit to-morrow afternoon I daresay I shall then be able to tell you where to lay hands on the murderer."

I thanked him as heartily as my unbelief in his

words would permit me to do, and went back to my investigations in the coppice. Afterwards I called upon Captain Watson.

He greeted me in a very surly manner. "Have you come to arrest me for the murder of Major Ledman?" he snapped. "This afternoon the one topic in the village is that you are going to do so."

"Not yet, Captain," I answered.

"I've come to ask you if you'll be good enough to hand me those golf clubs which the gamekeeper brought to you."

"I can't!" he said. "A man called here to-day and wished to know if I wanted any clubs repaired. I gave him the three which the gamekeeper brought to me the other day; they all wanted seeing to."

I went and saw Mr. Homes early next day.

"Ah!" he said patronisingly: "I knew you'd be anxious to know who your prisoner is to be."

His employer, Mr. Ledman, also had a "hit" at me; he said several things about "the wonderful deductive powers of Mr. Homes," and assured me that the private detective was "worthy of the highest praise."

"Go and Arrest Captain Watson."

I listened, and then said: "Mr. Homes, will you kindly allow me to see those clubs you are repairing for Captain Watson?"

He looked a bit surprised at this, but handed me one of the clubs. "There you are," he said, "you'll notice that hair is adhering to it, and that it bears blood-stains. Now you can go and arrest Captain Watson, for he is the man who killed Major Ledman."

"What grounds have you for making such a charge?" I asked.

With a gently reproving smile, he pointed to the blood-stained club, commented upon the ownership of it, and reeled off his deductions. "Your case is as clear as the day," he concluded.

"The club is useful, but not altogether material or conclusive," I remarked. Then he got rather cross. He dared me to refute his work and deductions, and demanded to know what I meant.

"My meaning," I said, "is that this club will undoubtedly help to hang—not Captain Watson, but the man I arrested an hour ago, and who has since confessed that he did murder Major Ledman. It was the gamekeeper who did the deed."

A Pipe and a Piece of Cloth.

I may not have been such a "brilliant" or "original" detective as Mr. Homes was, but my plodding methods told in the long run. Besides, I discovered several things that Mr. Homes missed.

I had found a pipe and, near it, a piece of cloth from a man's jacket. The pipe belonged to the gamekeeper, and the piece of cloth was at one time the pocket of his coat.

It had evidently got torn off during a struggle, and fallen, with the pipe, among the undergrowth some way from where the Major's body had been found.

The body was found near the poachers' haunts, but it appeared that the gamekeeper had dragged it there to try to throw suspicion on to them as far as possible.

(Next week: "A Sister Saves a Policeman's Life.")

"TALKING of cool nerve, my neighbour Smith is about the limit."

"What's he done?"

"He called over yesterday morning to borrow my gun, saying he wanted to kill a dog that kept him awake at nights."

"Well?"

"He killed my dog!"

LITTLE WILLIE AGAIN.

WILLIE had tried by various means to interest his father in conversation.

"Can't you see I'm trying to read?" said the exasperated parent. "Now, don't bother me!"

Willie was silent for almost a minute. Then reflectively:

"Awful accident in the Tube to-day!"

Father looked up with interest. "What's that?" he asked. "An accident in the Tube?"

"Yes," replied Willie, edging towards the door; "a woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."



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G. W. GROSSMITH, Bedford.

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WALTER THOS. ROSE,

Newbury, Berks.

"I have secured a position carrying with it an increase of 300 per cent."

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OUT-OF-WORK WINS £150.

Mr. P. Doubleyou Chats with a Scottish Reader Who Won the First Prize in a "Middles" Competition.

BRIDGE HOUSE, Bonnybridge, the home of the Scottish reader who was the fortunate winner of £150 in "Middles" competition No. 24, is situated at the end of a drawbridge on the Forth and Clyde Canal.

On knocking at the door a young man opened it. "Yes, I am Mr. J. M. Cooper," he replied in answer to my question.

When I told him of his good fortune, he was almost overcome with emotion.

"I have been ill for some time," he informed me, when he had recovered from the shock of my news, "and I have been unable to follow my trade as a moulder. I have been trying week after week in 'Middles,' always with my eye on the big prize."

"Have you gained any other prizes?" I asked. "Yes. In the second 'Middles' competition I got ten shillings, and in the Parrots competition I have also won a small prize."

"How did you think of the winning attempt?" "Well," replied Mr. Cooper, "I work out my 'Middles' like this: each week I take each word given and work out a passage on as many as I can. Then I go through my attempts and pick out the two I think best. I very seldom change what I have first thought out. You see, I am a believer in first thoughts are best!"

"Have you any advice you can give to disappointed competitors?" I asked.

"Yes! Just keep on pegging away. You are bound to win some day. Many a time I almost lost hope when I saw how clever the 'Middles' were compared with my own that I believed at the time could not be beaten. Tell them," he continued, as the tears came to his eyes, "the prize money comes as a God-send. It could not have come at a better time! I have taken in *Pearson's Weekly* for twelve years, and I am not going to stop doing so now!"

"What made you try 'Middles' rather than any other competitions?"

"Well, when I tried other competitions I found that they were too difficult, and did not give everyone an equal chance. The thing that struck me about 'Middles' was its simplicity."

"What are you going to do with the £150, Mr. Cooper?" I asked.

"Well, as I cannot follow my trade at the moment, you will see that I shall keep it in hand for a while. Never was money more welcome, I can assure you."

Wishing him good luck and better health, I left him talking over the glad news with his mother and father.

ANIMAL FUNERALS.

THE other day a chemist, as a mark of respect to his faithful Newfoundland dog, "Phœbus," closed his shop in order to give it a public funeral.

The hearse was draped in black and white and drawn by two white horses. The coffin in which the dog had been placed was covered with expensive flowers.

A large sum of money, too, was left some years ago by a wealthy man in Marseilles on the condition that his dog should be given a public funeral costing not less than £40.

At the dog's death its body was placed in an oak coffin covered with costly floral emblems subscribed for by the various charities which benefited under the will. Many of them followed in mourning carriages. About thirty paupers, men and women, were also in attendance, and they were afterwards entertained at a dinner.

A mule, which had been killed by a chance shell during the war between the United States and Spain, was honoured with a military funeral. About two hundred soldiers, together with a military band, followed the hearse. Several brief addresses were made by the officers at the graveside, after which the body was wrapped in the Spanish flag and lowered to its resting place amidst a volley of firing.

An even more imposing funeral took place at Grenoble, a city in France, where nearly the whole town turned out to witness the funeral of a chimpanzee that had earned the honour by saving a small child which had fallen into a deep well.

THE SMART K.C.

"Now, sir," began the smart K.C., "you say you discharged the plaintiff from your service because he was somewhat addicted to liquor. Is that correct?"

"It is," answered the defendant.

"Good!" said the K.C. "You do not consider it advantageous to yourself that your employees should be devotees of Bacchus?"

"That is so!"

"Now, kindly tell the gentlemen of the jury—do you drink yourself?"

"That is my business!" retorted the defendant angrily.

"Quite so!" assented the K.C. suavely. "And have you any other business?"

DO YOU CINEMA?

£40 for Cinema Goers.

FIRST PRIZE, £25. SECOND, £10.
THIRD, £5.

We have decided to offer the above prizes for the best plots suitable for working up into cinematograph films.

These plots are not difficult to write, and as the large film companies are constantly wanting new plots, there is no reason why, if you find you can invent them, you should not add to your income. In this way, we hope that our new competition will simply be an introduction to very profitable employment for a number of readers.

HOW TO WRITE A PLOT.

The best way to set about writing a picture play is to carefully study the cinema pictures. Make a note of each scene, observe the relation of each scene to the whole of the story, and note how the interest is worked up, section by section, until it ends in a grand climax.

One way to get ideas for plots is to read the newspapers and magazines—for in reading of a "Mysterious Disappearance," "A Tragic Discovery," "A Romantic Marriage," or any of the other sensational news that you can find in your paper, you will find plenty of ideas for first-class cinema plays. Of course, you must be careful that your plot is not an exact description of the news or story you have read, but is merely used as a foundation on which to build up your own plot.

When you have decided on a suitable plot, write it out. It is not necessary for you to divide your plot up into scenes, simply write out the plot in plain language in the same way as you would write a letter to your best friend.

One point which will help you to write a successful plot is to remember that it is action that makes a cinema picture, so see that the characters in your plot are active people.

BE SERIOUS OR COMIC.

Plots may be either serious or comic, and should be written on one side of the paper only. Envelopes should be marked "Plot" on the top left-hand corner, and addressed Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The Managing Directors of The British and Colonial Kinematograph Company have promised to act as judges in this Competition, and the decision which will be published in *Pearson's Weekly* is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

The Editor accepts no responsibility for loss or non-delivery of plots, and no plots will be returned unless stamped, addressed envelopes are inclosed.

The closing date of this Competition will be announced later.

TIMELY WARNING.

SILENTLY the burglars proceeded from the pork-pie to the Burgundy, from the Burgundy to the silver spoons. But it was a house of antique build, and a board creaked.

"John," whispered a voice in the bedroom above, "I believe that there are burglars in the house."

"Well, I don't!" came the gruff reply.

"Wake up, John, and be a man!" she urged.

"What shall I do?"

"Do?" exclaimed his better-half. "Why, go and catch them."

"All right, dear," answered John, and began slowly to crawl towards his dressing-gown. Then an idea struck him. Seizing one of his slippers, and banging it upon the floor, he shouted: "Hi, there! I shall be down in a minute!"

AN EASY WAY TO REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

For the benefit of our lady readers who suffer from the humiliating disfigurement of hair on face, lips, or chin, we publish herewith a formula which has the advantage of being simple and inexpensive, as well as marvellously effective. It is not claimed by our informant that one application will permanently destroy the hair roots, but it is claimed, and the claims are borne out by actual tests, that one application completely removes the hair, and its regular use, once or twice a day, will quickly and permanently destroy the hair-root itself. If you have hair which you wish permanently removed, ask your chemist to mix 4½ drams Pulverized Sulphine Concentrate with 2½ drams Zinc Oxide, P.B., and 1 dram Powdered Orris Root, and put in a wide-mouth bottle. For use, mix a little of the powder into a paste on a plate by adding a few drops of water. Apply with a narrow knife-blade and remove at the end of two minutes with the back of the knife, when the dissolved hair will come with it. Repeat at intervals of two days. Each time the growth will be less, until it entirely disappears. A good non-greasy cream, such as *Crème de Kalon*, may be used after each application.

CAUTION.—This must not be used as a substitute for shaving, as its repeated use completely destroys the hair roots.



Mr. Geo. R. SIMS.

THE splendid significance of the Roman word *Tatcho* (which Mr. Geo. R. Sims, its illustrious discoverer, named his Hair Grower) is fully and faithfully lived up to in the proud product—worthy inheritor of a worthy name, which has changed despair into joy in a hundred thousand cases—*Tatcho*, the Hair Grower. Nothing but sheer merit, full worthiness, and utter genuineness, placed and holds *Tatcho* where it finds itself to-day, one reliable Hair Grower, trusty, honest, genuine.

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They Funk Fame

Amundsen, the Norwegian Explorer, is not the only Celebrity to avoid the Limelight.

WHEN Roald Amundsen, the great Norwegian explorer, returned home recently after discovering the South Pole, he behaved as if he were ashamed rather than proud of his splendid achievement. He did not even tell his brother that he was going back to his native country, and before reaching Christiania he shaved off his beard and assumed another name.

When visiting King Haakon he entered and left the palace by a secret door. It was only through the sharp eyes of a friend who caught sight of him in the street that his presence in the city became known to the public, and even when hailed by a friend of twenty years' standing the great explorer did his best to escape by boarding a passing tram. Some very great men are afraid of fame.

Ran Away on a Steamer.

When America's greatest novelist, Jack London, was suddenly told by the Press that he was a great writer and that the public wanted to hear about him, he escaped even the ubiquitous American reporter by promptly boarding a steamer for Alaska. In that icy and rugged corner of the globe he spent the next six months.

When not travelling he lives the simple life in a wooden shanty on the outskirts of San Francisco. On the door there is a notice of two lines. The first is "No entrance except for those who have business here." The second is "Nobody has business here except the owner."

The greatest of French novelists, Anatole France, is equally shy of publicity. Some weeks ago he was one of a jury which acquitted a girl who had murdered her lover. All the interviewers of Paris swooped down on the novelist's country cottage. In front they found an elderly man clad like a jobbing gardener, hoeing the garden path. In rustic dialect he told them that Monsieur Anatole was not expected home till next day. The disappointed Pressmen trooped off, leaving

the old man in the earth-stained clothes chuckling. It was the great novelist himself.

The late Wilbur Wright detested the fame his wonderful work in the air brought him. When his aeroplanes were still in the experimental stage all America was eager to hear about the crank who wanted to fly. But Wilbur Wright, by moving the scene of his operations to the deserted sandhills along the Atlantic coast, baffled the public curiosity as long as was possible. When the secret could no longer be kept (the aeroplane having been seen flying), and reporters buzzed around him, the great inventor, who always slept in a shed beside his machines, is said to have sworn his workmen to secrecy as to his identity.

The interviewer was simply left to guess, and many an interview boomed in large headlines in the American papers as being with the unapproachable Wilbur Wright was really a worked-up version of a chat between a too-knowing interviewer and a mechanic with a sense of humour.

"Gentlemen, I Never Talk!"

The great flying man, in fact, never let himself be interviewed. When in England or the Continent Pressmen could never find his address, so loyally did the flying authorities keep his secret. The only time he ever spoke in public in his life was at a dinner-party. On that occasion the great airman, whose nose, by the way, was decidedly of the beak type, made the shortest speech on record. It was "Gentlemen, some people say I look like a parrot. But I never talk."

Rudyard Kipling is another distinguished man who loathes the penalty of fame. When he moved to his present address in a very out-of-the-way corner of Sussex, far from railway stations, he declared the reason to be that in his former house he could not go for a stroll without treading on the corns of a score of interviewers and American tourists with kodaks. Kipling never lets himself be interviewed.

'Footer' Notes and Fancies

If you Read this Article it may Help You to Win our £250 Football Prize.

CRICKET is already on the wane, and lovers of the "more robust" game of football are eagerly awaiting the commencement of the League fixtures.

Many of the clubs have already had practice matches, and, by the time these notes are in print, a good number will have fixed up their teams for the opening matches.

The fact that the Football Association permits the witnessing of these matches during the months of August by the public resulted last year in the sum of £4,170 being distributed among local charities. This season a much larger sum is expected as an outcome of these matches.

The following notes in regard to the prospects of the clubs in the three principal leagues, will, no doubt, be of use to the intelligent football reader:

First Division Prospects.

Blackburn Rovers headed the First Division last season, and, no doubt, will put forth every effort to maintain their position, but it must not be forgotten that in the forthcoming season they will have to meet many clubs who have considerably strengthened both their attack and defence.

Great things are expected from Newcastle United, Everton, Aston Villa, and Sunderland. With a little luck, any of them may easily top the League. At any rate, each should show improved form on last season.

Chelsea, too, will want careful watching. The array of talent at the disposal of the Stamford Bridge directorate is simply bewildering in its brilliancy—on paper. With the addition of James Turnbull in the forward line, however, their attack should be considerably improved, and will take a lot of holding in. He would be a bold prophet who would venture to state that Chelsea will not gain the championship of the League, in the first year of their second inclusion in the premier division.

Derby County, who again rejoin the First Division, are expected to hold their own.

The Sheffield and Manchester clubs, Middlesbrough and Bradford City, hope to maintain a good position. But Bolton Wanderers, Notts County, and West Bromwich Albion, hope to improve upon last season.

Much is not expected from Liverpool, Tottenham Hotspur, Woolwich Arsenal, and Oldham Athletic, but it would not be wise to say much of these until a little later on, because they may be some of the teams which will cause the greatest surprises.

The Second Division.

Preston North End this season will taste the sorrows of the Second Division for the second time in their existence. The first time, it took three seasons before they regained the upper circle. But, with a reorganised team and directorate, they hope to do it this season at the first time of asking.

Bury will also make a gallant fight, and every effort will be put forth to regain the position lost last season. An almost entirely new team will do duty for them, but at present their prospects are not at all bright.

On the other hand, Barnsley, Burnley, and Bradford make no pretence of hiding the fact that they are out for promotion. Particularly is this the case with the Cupholders. They have re-engaged every man who made history for them in the English Cup. The team will be considerably strengthened, moreover, by the inclusion of Hunter, a weighty centre-forward, who scored a large number of goals for South Shields last season in the North-Eastern League.

The Wolves will be represented by a well-balanced team, and should be well up the table at the finish, if not at the top.

Fulham has a reorganised team. The best of last season's players have been retained, and judicious additions made, so that their prospects are exceedingly bright.

Birmingham will have quite an experimental team. They are all on the young side, some of them being merely youths. But there is the making of a really good side, and it would not cause much surprise to see Birmingham cut a good figure in the competition. Clapton Orient, Hull, and Leeds, are also expected to make a good show. Most of the other Second Division clubs have got together fairly serviceable teams, and altogether, the forthcoming season promises to be one of the most energetic and busiest on record.

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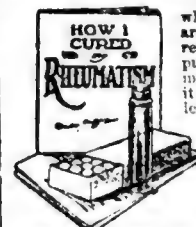
Having spent nearly 16 years indoors—often unable to leave my bed, and at least only hobbling about on two sticks—and being now in as fine a state of vigorous health as any man can wish for, my thoughts turn to the unhappy plight of the hundreds of other men and women there must be who are situated as I was before I found my remedy. I will not have it said that I did not place my wonderful discovery within the reach of every sufferer, and that is why I have put aside 5,000 boxes for free presentation.

Already there are hundreds of others whom my remedy has cured who are as thankful as I am, because the relief occurs wherever my remedy is put to the test, and every day brings me letters of thanks from those whom it has cured. Anyone can see from those letters—many of them from people who have suffered for 20 or 30 years—that I offer a cure such as never has been offered before.

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If you wish to get on in the world send a post-card to the International Correspondence Schools, 197/B39, Kingsway, London, for free particulars of the wonderfully successful postal training they give to men and women in all walks of life. Success and security will then stare you in the face.

TAKING PRECAUTIONS.

A FEW days since a very nervous, timid-looking woman, accompanied by a rather robust farmer, came on to the platform of a little railway station in a remote spot in the country.

For a short while she seemed to direct her attention to the time-table, but, not finding there the satisfaction she sought, she stepped up to the stationmaster as he came out of his office.

"Will you kindly tell me if the 3.15 has gone yet?" she asked in apparent concern.

"Oh, yes! about twenty minutes ago," he replied.

"And when will the 4.30 be along, do you think?" she continued.

"Why, not for some time yet, of course," was the response.

"Are there any expresses before then?"

"Not one."

"Any goods trains?"

"No."

"Nothing at all?"

"Nothing whatever?"

"Are you quite sure?"

"Certainly I am, or I wouldn't have said so."

"Then," said the questioning dame, turning to her husband, "I think we will cross the line, William."

Stranger: "I suppose you have a lot of rain in India?"

Soldier: "Rather; the raindrops vary in size from a shilling to eighteenpence."

First Waiter: "George, that customer you served is a foreign count."

Second Waiter: "I'm not surprised. He soon spotted the mistake I made in his bill!"

HE DIDN'T MEAN IT.

"HALLOA, Mrs. Lovejoy!" exclaimed a gentleman of that lady's acquaintance; "pray what brings you out so early in the day?"

"Oh, I've just been to the photographer's with my pet dog, Dido!" (which she carried in her arms), "and we have had our portraits taken together, haven't we, Dido? Beauty and the beast, you know, Mr. Johnson!"—with a saucy little laugh.

"And what a little beauty he is, to be sure!" replied Johnson inadvertently, as he tenderly stroked poor Dido's head and pulled his ears. And then he suddenly remembered, and became hot and cold in turn.

Jimmy: "Johnnie is untruthful, or somethin'."

Jamie: "Why?"

Jimmy: "He told me his grandfather lost a leg or arm in every battle he fought in, an' I asked him how many battles he wuz in, an' he said, 'More'n forty.'"

"Now, confess, McBride, do you hold your wife on your lap as much now as when you were first married?" asked Barlow.

"Well, Barlow," replied McBride, "to tell the truth, I believe she sits on me rather more now than then."

GETTING CHEAPER.

THE member for Hoaksham seemed disturbed in mind. "Perkins," he said to his private secretary, "have I done anything lately to make myself unpopular?"

"I think not, sir."

"You have not received any letters of complaint, nor been interviewed by any discontents during the last month or so?"

"Certainly not, sir. I should have told you at once."

"You have not noticed any antagonistic tendency in the leading articles of the local Press?"

"No."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing, sir. Why do you ask?"

"Well, Perkins, I'm not quite easy about the matter. I am fairly certain there is an undercurrent of unfriendly influence at work in the constituency. You know, of course, that there is a brand of threepenny cigars named after me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Quite so. Well, now they are selling them at seven for a shilling."

THE WAY THEY DO IT.

First Councillor: "Here's a fine-looking street."

Second Ditto: "You're right. What's the best thing to do with it?"

"Let's have it dug up for a sewer."

"But wouldn't it be proper to pave it first?"

"Of course; I thought you would understand that. Then, after it is paved and a sewer put in, we'll have it repaved."

"All in readiness to be dug up again for the gas-pipe? I see you understand the principles of municipal economy. And after we have had it repaved for the second time, then what?"

"Well, then it will be ready for widening. There's nothing I admire so much as system in the care and improvement of our roadways."

Daughter: "Since it is your wish, dear parents, that I should marry the rich old brewer, I consent, although he is seventy years old."

Mother: "But he is only sixty."

Daughter: "Sixty! Tell him to ask me again in ten years."



COULDN'T REACH.

Old Gent: "Great Scotland Yard, boy, your dog has bitten my ankle."
Small Boy: "Well, guv'nor, you wouldn't expect a little dawg like 'im to bite yer neck, would yer?"

WOULDN'T LEAVE OFF.

IT happened in the waiting-room of a suburban railway station. One of the occupants was an old man, and very angry.

The other was a youth, who sat behind his paper and contentedly puffed his pipe, despite the incessant coughs from the old man, and the continual glare first at himself and then at the notice on the wall.

"Do you know, sir, this is a waiting-room, and the notice says 'No smoking'?"

"Yes."

"Well," snapped the old man, "what are you going to do about it?"

"There is but one solution, sir, to the problem," said the youth between puffs. "Remove the notice."

And he kept on smoking.

VERY BRIGHT.

"Yes," proudly observed Mr. Smith to his actor-friend, "your profession may be a very lofty one in an artistic sense, but that of a successful City merchant is much better."

"Look at me, at the early age of forty-five retired on my fortune and presented by my fellow-merchants with an illuminated address. Can you boast of anything like this? Have you ever had an illuminated address?"

"I have," replied the actor, "once."

"When?" cross-examined Mr. Smith.

"Why," replied the actor, "when my lodgings caught fire."

READY FOR ANYTHING.

LITTLE Mary was very appropriately christened, for she had an inherent

fondness for things good to eat. In this category she included pastries which were, in her opinion, both grateful and comforting.

One morning the little maid had enough pastries for a small army, and far too many for a little girl of five brief summers.

That was the opinion of Mary's mother, and she announced that no more were to be eaten at that particular meal.

"If you have any more you'll be ill," she said.

Wistfully the child gazed at the plate.

"Mother," she whispered, "give me just one more, and send for the doctor!"

Professor Stone: "To the geologist a thousand years or so are not counted as any time at all."

Man in the Audience: "Great Scot! And to think I made a temporary loan of two pounds to a man who holds such views!"

"To what," inquired the interviewer, "do you attribute your success in acquiring money?"

"Partly, indeed principally," replied the great financier, smoothing down the lapel of his coat and giving away another town hall, "to the success of other men in letting go of it."

Edwin (aged fourteen): "Come, fly with me, my Ethel, and we will soon be where the words of cruel parents cannot hurt your young heart!"

Ethel: "I cannot, Edwin, I cannot! Papa is laid up with rheumatism, I know, but we would surely be overtaken. You forget, my Edwin, that you are a messenger-boy."

A FEARFUL WRECK.

"JOHNNY," asked a nervous neighbour, "what makes the baby at your house cry so much?"

"It doesn't cry so very much," was the big brother's indignant answer, "and, anyway, if your teeth was all out and your hair was all off and your legs was so weak that you couldn't stand on them, you'd feel like crying yourself."

"DEAR me," said the kind-hearted pedestrian, pausing and putting on his pince-nez, "have you fallen through that coal-hole?"

"Not at all!" replied the man, who was still endeavouring to extricate a leg from the hole, smiling winningly. "As you seem interested in the matter I will tell you what happened. I chanced to be in here, and they built the pavement round me."

ASKING FOR IT.

A COMMERCIAL man was rash enough to make a telephone call when exceedingly short of time, and found when he spoke he had been put on the wrong number.

This was the more exasperating and inexcusable as the number he wanted was the simplest possible one.

To shortness of time he thereupon added shortness of temper, and somewhat angrily complained to the operator of her mistake. "What I want," he finished by declaring with savage distinctness, "is 'one' on the trunk."

And the operator, who evidently knew some slang—probably she had brothers—retorted quickly. "Yes, you do!"

GOING BY THE RULES.

THEY didn't intend to be imposed upon, although they were inexperienced cyclists. "Look here," said the biggest of the trio, as his eye fell on the bill of fare in the restaurant, "haven't you got any conscience at all in this place?"

"Beg pardon!" returned the haughty waiter. "Haven't you got any conscience—conscience—conscience—don't you understand?"

The waiter picked up the bill of fare and began looking it over.

"I don't know if we have or not," he said. "If we have, it's on the bill, if we ain't, you've got to pay extra for it. Them's the rules, sir."

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DAINTY DISHES.

Baked Welsh Rarebit.

Cut slices of stale bread of the same thickness, trim off the crusts, and slice some cheese thinly. Arrange the bread and cheese in alternate layers in a pudding-dish. When the dish is nearly full, pour over the contents sufficient milk to fill it to the brim. Cover the dish and bake for twenty minutes, then uncover it, and brown the top. A little pepper, salt, and, if liked, mustard, may be placed on each layer.

Mixed Chicken on Toast.

Take the meat from the bones remaining from any left-over cold roast or boiled chicken, and cut it into small cubes. Then boil together half a tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, and half a pint of milk. Stir this to a smooth cream, and put the pieces of chicken into it. Season with salt, and when thoroughly warm, spread on slices of lightly-buttered toast.

Curried Eggs and Rice (an Excellent Supper Dish).

Hard boil six eggs and cut them into slices. Then place half a slice of onion and a tablespoonful of butter into a clean frying-pan, and brown the onion lightly, then add a tablespoonful of flour and a teaspoonful of curry-powder with half a pint of milk. Stir this sauce till it thickens, then put in the hard-boiled eggs and allow them to become smoking hot. Turn in a cupful of boiled rice, and cook for three minutes. Then serve on a hot dish.

Swedish Omelette.

Take half a pint of milk and stir into it a tablespoonful of flour and a seasoning of pepper and salt to taste. Then take four eggs and separate the yolks from the whites. Beat the yolks lightly, and add to the flour and milk. Then beat whites stiffly and turn into the yolk and milk mixture. Beat all together lightly and turn into a warm, slightly-greased, frying-pan. Brown the underside over the gas or fire then place beneath a griller, or in the oven, to brown the upper side. Cut across and serve on a hot dish.

Pine-apple Pudding.

Take one ounce of gelatine and soak it in half a cupful of cold water for about half an hour. Then take half the juice of a tin of pine-apple and add to it sufficient water to make a pint. Stir into this a cupful of sugar and boil for three minutes. Pour this while boiling hot upon the gelatine, and allow it to stand till it begins to thicken. Then beat it till it looks like cream. Allow to harden sufficiently to hold the fruit, and then add half a cupful of chopped tinned pine-apple. Place in a mould, and put on one side to harden. Turn out and serve with or without custard.

To Crystallise Pears.

Make a syrup of a pound of sugar and a gill of water, allowing it to boil without stirring, until a drop on being put into cold water will immediately become brittle. Then add to the syrup a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Place the saucepan in a large bowl of cold water. Peel the pears and run the point of a long steel pin into the fruit and dip each one into the hot syrup. Then spread upon buttered paper to dry. Cherries may be treated in the same way, the lemon-juice being omitted.

Pease-Pudding.

Take one quart of split peas and soak them overnight in cold water. Any that are bad will float, and these should be thrown away. Then tie the peas up in a cloth, leaving room for them to swell, and boil for two hours. Take them out and rub through a colander or wire sieve and mix with two ounces of dripping. Add pepper and salt to taste. Stir well, flour a cloth, and tie them up, boiling for half to three-quarters of an hour. Turn out, form into a shape, and serve with boiled beef, boiled bacon, etc.

Damson Pickle.

To eight pounds of damsons allow eight pounds of best brown sugar, one quart of vinegar, and one cupful of mixed whole rice, cinnamon, allspice, and cloves, a very small portion of the latter being sufficient. Tie the spices in a bag and boil with the vinegar and sugar. Skim well then add the fruit. Cook all together for ten minutes, till scalded and tender, then skim out the fruit and place in stone jars. Boil the syrup for five minutes longer and pour over the fruit. The next day pour off the syrup and boil down again. Do this for three successive mornings, keeping the bag of spices in the syrup. Then tie down the jars and keep in a cool place.—(Reply to E. S., Southend.)

The Little Dressmaker



Tells of an Easy Way of Turning a Skirt.

If there's one bit of work I hate more than another, it's turning a skirt. It seems such a waste of time to rip out a lot of seams and then stitch them in again on the other side.

Besides, a skirt that has been unripped never makes up quite as nice as it was at first. The pulling to pieces seems to disturb it.

Last week I said to myself:

"Now, Margaret"—which is my name—"you must not be lazy! You must take and turn that black serge skirt, which is all spotted on the right side but as good as new on the wrong."

So I got out the skirt, and I got out my scissors, and I looked at all those seams, and then I said:

"No, I'm bothered if I do it! I'll just try if five minutes' thinking won't save me hours of work!"

So I sat still and thought. And at the end of five minutes I'd got an idea.

I went out and bought a dozen yards of narrow black military braid. Then I came home, cut off the band of the skirt, unpicked the placket, and set to work.

I turned the whole thing inside out, and cut off all the seam turnings quite close to the stitching, in the way that you see in the first picture. This brought each seam down to a little narrow strip of two raw edges, and over that strip I stitched a bit of braid, which covered the edges and held the whole thing firm.

When the back seams were done, I took off the placket wrap and changed it to the other side of the front panel, in the way that you see in sketch 2. A skirt fastens always at the left-hand side, but when you turn it wrong ways out, the fastening comes on the right-hand side, and has to be shifted across.

So I stitched up the old placket, opened the opposite seam, and put the bit on there to make a new one, and then carried my braid right up to the waist, so that both the old placket and the new were hidden under it.

I put on another bit of braid round the hem to hide the place where it was turned up. My skirt was very little worn at the foot, so one piece of braid was enough for it. If it had been rubbed where my heels had kicked it, I should have put on a piece of braid right down at the very bottom, one on the stitching of the hem and one higher up, so that I had three bands covering all the worn parts.

You can't do this kind of alteration on a skirt which is much shaped, only on a fairly straight kind. A shaped skirt has to have the extra fulness at the bottom gathered into tiny pleats under the turn-up of the hem, and, of course, if you brought these pleats to the right side, they would show and look ugly.

But skirts are mostly straight now, and you won't find a pleated-in hem on one in a dozen.

I stitched back the waist-band, and gave the whole thing a good pressing. It was all done in less than a couple of hours, and it looked much smarter than if I had turned it in the usual way.

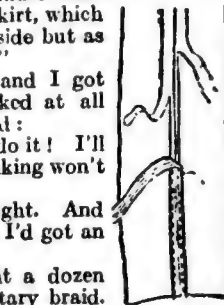
You should read my article in this week's *Home Notes*; it tells how to make a little boy's tunic.

Your respectful friend,

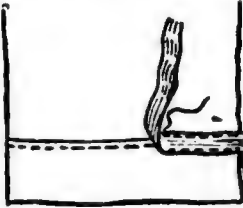
THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.



The placket must be moved to the opposite side of the front panel.



Cut off the seam turnings close to the stitching before you put on the braid.



Stitch braid over the hem turning.

HOME HINTS.

To Improve the Light of a Lamp

Place a small lump of camphor in the receptacle.

Before Cooking a Salt Ham

Soak it in cold water for twenty-four hours.

To Clean Copper Quickly

Rub it with lemon skin sprinkled with salt.

To Remove Finger Marks from Varnished Furniture

Rub with a soft cloth dipped in olive oil.

To Keep Flat Irons from Rusting

Wrap them in brown paper and keep them in a dry place.

To Remove Grease from Leather Bags

Place a little white of an egg on the spot and dry in the sun.

To Clean Suede Bags

Rub them with very fine sandpaper, going over the surface carefully.

To Remove the Smell of Tobacco Smoke

Place a large bowl of water in the room after emptying the ash-trays.

When Cleaning Marble Wash-basins and Baths

Use common salt, which should be rubbed on the marble, and then rinsed off.

Scraps of Toilet Soap

Which are too small for further use can be melted up in a little milk and made into a fresh cake.

When Washing an Egg Beater

Use cold water, holding it under the tap. This will remove all the egg without spoiling it as hot soapy water would.

To Remove Grease Spots from a Light Cotton Frock

Sprinkle the spots with finely-powdered starch, then cover with brown paper, and iron. Wash in the usual way.—(Reply to GERTIE.)

Glasses Which Have Been Used for Milk

Should be rinsed in cold water before being washed in hot. Hot water drives the milk into the glass and makes them look cloudy.

To Clean the Inside of a Metal Teapot

Fill the teapot with boiling water and drop in a red-hot cinder. Leave it with the lid closed for a few minutes, then rinse with clean water.

Tarnished Silver

Can be made bright with very little trouble if placed to soak for a short time in boiling water in which a fair-sized lump of washing-soda has been dissolved.

To Prevent Gravy in Pies from Running Over

Make a couple of little funnels of white paper and place these in the slits made in the pastry. This will allow the steam to escape, and there will be no loss of gravy.

Coloured Cotton Goods

Should be soaked in boiling water to which has been added salt in the proportion of one gill to a quart of water. If left to soak in this mixture until the water is cold, they will not run or fade when washed.—(Reply to A. B.)

Three Hints on Making Coffee.

Allow one cupful of coffee to six cupfuls of cold water.

Put the coffee in a cheese-cloth bag, allowing room for it to swell, and place in a clean saucepan with the cold water. Boil for ten minutes.

Before removing the bag, allow it to stand on the range for two minutes, then serve.

Four Hints on Making Tea.

Never use water which has been boiling or simmering on the fire, nor water which has already been boiled.

Warm the teapot by pouring in hot water a few minutes before the tea is required, and allowing it to remain in the pot till the tea is to be made.

Allow one teaspoonful of tea to each person with one extra one. Pour boiling water and allow to stand for five minutes.

Fill the teapot or the tea will cool rapidly.



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Wireless Messages

A WORD IN YOUR EAR.

I've just been having a chat with a very despondent man. He's the Hon. Secretary of the Fresh Air Fund, and it seems that P.W. readers have not been nearly so generous to the Fund this year as last. It may be that the cold and wet summer we've had has led people to suppose that the little slum children don't care for holidays unless the sun is shining. Or it may be that you, who have been generous in the past, have thought that your little bit wouldn't be missed, and so haven't bothered to send it along. Or perhaps you have intended to give, and it has just slipped your memory.

At any rate, whatever the reason, there it is, and I'm afraid that unless some more money comes in there will be many little hearts fit to break with disappointment in consequence.

If you had seen, as I have, the white-faced little urchins watching their more fortunate playmates going off for an F.A.F. outing, and passionately entreating to be taken as well, I don't think you could help dipping into your pocket, but out of sight so often means out of mind.

I'm a bad beggar, perhaps, but the cause is the best I know. The address is Hon. Sec., F.A.F., *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and, by the way, there's no time like the present.

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN!

THIRTEEN has been blamed for a large number of things. The last thing is the Insurance Act! IMPARTIAL writes: "Those people who believe that thirteen is an unlucky number will look askance at the Insurance Act. In the first place 13 different health stamps are issued. The stamp card contains 13 spaces. The Liberal Insurance Committee fixed July 13th as the day for special rejoicing over the starting of the Act. The sick benefit ceases if a contributor is 13 weeks in arrears. The famous 9d. for 4d. when added up gives us 13d. Finally, the benefits begin in 19-13!"

That is certainly a remarkable series of coincidences, IMPARTIAL. I should think that no other Act of Parliament can point to such a run of thirteens! Let us hope, however, that everything will turn out well in the long run, both for those who are in favour of the Act and for those who are against it.

WHEN THEY SHOULD GO.

LONG STOR's question has nothing whatever to do with cricket. He writes: "What can you do with the acquaintance who won't go? I am sure that I am as sociable as most people, but it sometimes happens that when I am very busy an acquaintance will stay to talk. If I told him I wanted him to go he would probably never come and see me again, which is not what I want to do. Don't you think it would be a good idea if it were the custom to say to every caller: 'I'm glad to see you, but please don't stop more than half an hour.' If it were the custom no one would be offended."

Yes, the idea is all right, but I am afraid it is unworkable. Still, with the average sensible friend you can always tell him you are busy. One dodge I use is to give him a book to read and tell him I will talk to him when I have finished my work. As a rule, he accepts the hint and goes, or sits down and quietly reads till I am ready to talk. I would welcome your half-hour system in the office where poets and others call! Only I should make it half a minute!

A SECRET NEST-EGG.

THIRTY writes: "I have been married exactly ten years, and during that time I have made a point of saving £10 a year out of my house-keeping money. I have got over a £100 in the bank now unknown to my husband. Ought I to tell him? I feel uneasy at keeping the secret all to myself."

Certainly, THIRTY. I think it shows great credit on your part to have saved so regularly, but still I don't think you ought to have any

secrets from your husband. He will be delighted at the surprise nest-egg you have saved for him. The only case where I think a wife might be justified in keeping such savings secret is where her husband is a spendthrift.

WHY HE READS "PEARSON'S."

THERE must be many interesting stories of how readers of *Pearson's Weekly* have become so. PEARSONITE tells a good one. "In 1906 I had occasion to go to a gentleman's house, in connection with my trade as a gasfitter, to repair a very bad leak of gas," he writes. "Judge my surprise on reaching the leak to find wrapped round the pipe two or three thicknesses of paper. Instead of throwing the paper away, as is my usual practice, I put it in my tool-bag and forgot all about it till nearly a week after. Having nothing to do one day, I set to work to clean my tools, and while doing so I came across the bundle of paper. It was a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*, and it may not surprise you to know that the tools did not get cleaned! Since then, I have never missed a copy."

In that case, PEARSONITE, you have had a good many weeks' amusement and laughter since. That is certainly a unique way of starting to read *Pearson's Weekly*. I gas—I mean guess—that that leak was one of the most fortunate leaks you have ever stopped. At any rate, there is no "gas" in P.W. to stop, and the only fear of explosion is an explosion of laughter.

A TOO LOVING WIFE.

Few husbands complain that their wives are too loving. HUBBY is one of the few, however. He writes: "What are you going to do with a wife who loves you too much? You may think that I ought to consider myself lucky, but you can have too much of a good thing. If I am five minutes late from the office she frets and fumes and imagines all sorts of horrible things have happened to me. If I get a little cold she wraps me up and wants to call in the doctor. Should I smile at any other woman she weeps and says I no longer love her. As to having an evening alone at a club—well, if I did I believe she would go out of her mind!"

It is not often that I receive letters like yours, HUBBY. But you certainly have some reason to complain. I think your wife is jealous, as a matter of fact, and I should firmly point out to her that jealousy is not a thing likely to make married people happy. You might try being too loving yourself! If you complain every time she speaks to the milkman, and kick up a shindy at her talking too long to the baker, she will perhaps begin to realise that she is a little unreasonable in her way of loving you. That kind of thing isn't really love.

JUMP JIM CROW!

"TURN about and twist about and jump Jim Crow," is one of the sayings of our babyhood days to make us smile! Nowadays some people have almost forgotten to laugh and "jump Jim Crow." I can heartily recommend to them a delightful little book I have just finished reading. It is called *The Book of Revelations of Jim Crow*, and is packed with funny ideas on all sorts of subjects from "Sisters" to "Flirting," from "Quacks" to "Dancing." It is published by J. & J. Bennett Ltd., 8 Henrietta Street, W.C., price 1s. Buy it. It will be a shilling well invested.

FRESH AIR FUND FIGURES.

THE following subscriptions to the Fresh Air Fund have been received within the last few days:

Amounts previously acknowledged, £3,520 6s.
M. G. Tollenache, £5 5s.; Lady Redesdale, £5; Mrs. H. Turner, £3 R. P. £3; Anon., £10; C. Challinor, £2 9s. 9d.; H. W. Rogers, 5s.; Boots and Shoes, Northampton, 4d.; Anon., 4d.; M. Maxted, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Douglas, 2s.; Rutherglen, 2s. 3d.; H. H. S., 1s.; D. C. Bird, 3s.; F. A. Dalley, 3s.; Mrs. E. Bear, 2s. 3d.; C. Gray, 10s.; Anon., 8s.; Sympathiser, £1; Riding Mill, 10s.; T. P. S., 5s.; A. Lover of Children, 1s.; Stamps, 6d.; M. J. Thomson, 10s.; Mac, Glasgow, 10s.; Two Bains, 1s. 6d.; F. E. Bown, 2s. 3d.; E. Barker, 3s.; B. G. Lawson, 10s.; A. Friend, 9d.; Wallis Jones, 10s.; Anon., 6s.; Mrs. Longstaff, 10s.; J. S. R., 10s.; M. R. Barron, 4s. 6d.; E. S. R. Ackroyd, £1; A. Darby, 1s. 6d.; F. P., £1; A. P. Farrow, £1; J. S. E., 1s.; Mrs. H. Rundel, £1; Finchley, 1s. 6d.; A. Well Wisher, 3s.; Mrs. S. Croft, 15s.; H. W. N., 5s.; E. J. Bing, 6d.; F. H., 5s.; Mrs. Whitburn, 7d.; Mrs. G. Hurst, £2; Mrs. F. Lowe, £3; N. E. M., £1; F. Reynolds, £1 1s.; Stroud, 9d.; Joan and Lucy, 5s.; Rose P., 3s.; Anon., 2s. 3d.; A. Hawkr, 2s.; T. Fairbank, 9d.; A. S. B. and Friends, 3s.; Mrs. W. A. Bottomley, 5s.; D. Jackson, 2s. 6d.; Miscalculations, 2s. 3d.; R. B. W., 1s. 6d.; Had Mine, 1s.; T. Cuthbertson, jun., £2 2s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; J. H. Schofield, £1 1s.; A. Well Wisher, 1s.; C. H. Crispe, £1; Miss R. J. Wace, 2s.; V. Perkins, 3s.; J. H., 2s. 6d.; Bryson and Jack Hogg and Friend, 6s. 3d.; Anon., 9d.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Millard, 4s. 6d.; B. Thow, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 5s.; Gladys, Johnnie, and Willie Stork, 3s.; Mrs. D. Young, £3; W. Henderson, 5s.; A. Friend, 3s.; Miss B. Peel, 10s.; Mrs. de Quincey, 10s.; Miss E. E. White, 5s.; Rex, Colin, and Jim Mason,

£1 10s.; Mrs. B. Brown, 10s.; Joyce and Dick, 1s. 6d.; C. L. P., 10s.; J. R. Ballie, £2 2s.; Anon., 9d.; C. F. Fisk, 5s.; Miss J. Jorgensen, 12s.; B. and M., 5s.; Mrs. Young, 10s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; E. L. B., £1; E. Kabb, £1 1s.; Mrs. Kennedy, 2s. 6d.; Thankful, 1s. 6d.; C. A. H. Smith, £1; Cawsand Beacon, 1s. 6d.; Anon., Kathleen, and Frank Young, 4s. 6d.; Fra. Auld, 10s.; 1s. 6d.; S. W., 5s.; Working Men's Club, Blackpool, 2s. 6d.; Harrow-on-the-Hill, 2s. 3d.; Anon., 2s.; N. mandy, 2s. 6d.; The Merok Children, 1s. 6d.; E. F. F., 2s. 6d.; J. McRoberts, £1; Four Typists, 3s.; F. G. body, £1; R. Hobbs, 9d.; W. E., 1s.; A. M. B., 1s. 6d.; D. Japlin, 5s.; Anon., 10s.; R. H., 1s. 6d.; E. W., £1 0s. 6d.; Miss Aldersey, £1; R. Keres, £1; E. M., 10s.; Anon., £1; Lieve, 3s.; Kenneth Macdonald, 10s.; A. Grateful Tr. Bira Competition Winner, £2 14s.; Baker, 2s.; N. J. O'Brien, 9d.; Anon., 10d.; C. H. and R. S., 3s.; A. P., 5s.; Donald and Ina, 1s. 6d.; M. Challand, 2s. 6d.; H. H., £1 3s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; M. Chester, 7s. 6d.; Anon., Exmouth, £1; C. E. S., 10s.; Eva and Gwen, 10s.; Reggie and Kirtley, £1; Anon., 9d.; Florrie, Preston, 1s.; Mrs. Glover, £1; Vera H., 5s.; E. F. C., 9d.; Capt. A. F. Davidson and Family, 10s.; Cypress, 9d.; Mollie and Willie, 10s.; Guernsey, £1; Ian and Keith Squire, 1s. 6d.; Memory of a Son, £1 10s.; Inaemum, 2s. 6d.; M. Milne, 5s.; G. W. H., 5s.; S. Keen, 10s.; Ealing, £1; Leotina, £2; Stella, £1; Roy D. S. Murray, £2; Glasgow, 5s.; F. H., 5s.; P. D. Priestley, 5s.; Gerald, and Reggie Sheppard and Jolie Atcher, 6s. 4d.; Ron and Sylvia, 3s.; The Misses Buckland, 5s.; H. A. P., 5s.; S. Thutor, 7s. 6d.; M. C., 5s.; Rogers, 5s.; J. M. Mason, 5s.; M. E., £2; A. P., £2 2s.; Anon., 10s.; E. D., 3s. 6d.; Mrs. Hutter, £1; R. T. H., 2s. 6d.; Middleas 2s. 6s.; Mrs. Berry, £1; H. Arden Close, £10; Two Boys, 1s. 6d.; Anon., £1; C. Ashwin, 5s.; L. W., £1; A. G. Niblett, £1; W. D. R., 1s. 6d.; H. Stansfield, 6s.; Miss E. L., £1; Jack, 1s. 6d.; Ever Trusting, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. D. S., 10s.; C. Wiss, 3s.; K. M. W., 10s.; Anon., 6d.; E. W. and A. H. M., £1 1s.; J. E. Irwin, 4s.; L. G. W., 10s.; Anon., 3s.; P. Osborne, 10s.; Violetta Wall, £1 16s.; Anon., 4s. 6d.; W. Kilby, 1s. 6d.; J. B., 1s.; P. Beyfus, £1 1s.; J. R. Fox, 10s. 6d.; M. J. Martin, £1 1s.; J. H. Hirst, 3s.; S. Walter, 10s. 6d.; Jerry, 9d.; L. H., £1; D. Warran, 9d.; E. Ray, £1; B. L. Worton, 10s.; Thankful, 10s.; H. J. Ellen, £1; Cwmgarw, 3s.; Miss Hyde, 5s.; Anon., 1s.; V. T., 5s.; M. E. R., 1s. 6d.; Miss W. Goodall, £2 2s.; W. Ogilvy, £1; Happy Days, A. M. S. Russell, 6s.; Muriel Chetwynd, 2s. 6d.; A. D. Richmond, £1; Phyllis and Norman Ballard, 6s.; An. Australian, £1; S. Jackson, 9d.; Horatio, 1s. 6d.; E. Shepherd, £1; Anon., 2s. 6d.; H. Macfarlane, 10s.; Chiquita, £1; Miss Montgomery, 12s. 6d.; A. Friend, 3s.; C. H. L., 10s.; Balham, 5s. 3d.; R. W., £1; Mrs. Thomas, £1; Yarmouth Visitor, 2s. 6d.; In Memory of Ramsay, £1; Vulpes, 1s. 6d.; R. W. P., 3s.; C. Hince, £7 10s.; E. R. Dale, India, £10 18s.

COLLECTED: The Chimes Hotel, Benoni, per Mrs. E. Wilson, £8 2s.; Ship's Company, H.M.S. Sutcliffe, £8 2s.; C. S. Moore, R.N., £23 4s. 7d.; THE FAMILY REUNION, per Miss Amsden and Miss Arnesen, 4s.; Messrs. Grierson's employees, 18s.; Mrs. H. Scott, 16s.; H. Preston, 10s.; Council Office, Church End Finch, per J. Rice, 17s. 9d.; On the bowling green, per J. Mellow, £1 2s. 9d.; Miss O. Bristow, 10s.; Miss C. Anderson, 1s.; R. D. Gifford, 6s. 3d.; Salem, £1; C.E. Society, per J. Steven, 15s.; W. Tring, 10s.; Violet Sampson, 3s.; W. J. Preston, 2s. 8d.; H. G. Green, £1 1s. 6d.; King's Head Games' Club, Brentford, £1 10s.; On board the P.S. Royal Sovereign, £2; On board the P.S. Koh-i-noor, £8 2s.; Premier Hotel, per A. Gold, £8 2s.; Edith Brenton, 4s.; F. Fowler, 5s. 6d.; "Beauty and the Beast," per Nellie Holiday, 5s. 3d.; Harold McLeod, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Voss, £1 0s. 3d.; Army Pay Corps, Sergeant's Mess, Pretoria, £2 2s.; J. Lovemore and Friends, 16s.; The House School, 3s. 9d.; W. H. Alcock, 9s.; Orange Blossoms, 2s. 6d.; Ship's Company, H.M.S. Harwood, £8 2s.; Miss Dume, £1 9s.; N.C.O.'s Mess, Royal Engineers, Sierra Leone, £1 10s.; At annual outing, Employees of the Solicitors' Law and Statute Society, 19s. 2d.; C. T. S., £1 5s.; Basil Dunning, £1 3s.; Engineering Drawing Staff, Chatham Dockyard, 15s.

Grand (P.W.) Total, £3,763 3s. 7d.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Limited, the *Daily Express* Limited, the *Standard Newspapers* Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Nineteen pence pays for a day's happiness for a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 20, with the necessary attendants. Cheques and money orders should be made payable to the Fresh Air Fund, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in an envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday, September 3rd.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prize will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

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Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

Results of Footline Competitions.

"BARK" CONTEST.

Competitors were requested to suggest an apology Jones offered to the lady who had kicked him out of her life by his dog rushing at her. The best things said the prizes of five have been allocated as follows:

Rev. Overton-on-Dee, Ellismere, Salop; A. S. Murraygate, Dundee; Miss E. M. Price, Scaledale, Yorks; S. Rutherford, 23 Perth St., A. Smith, & Trinity Chapel Yard.

"WATCH" CONTEST.

Best replies to the question, "Why did the prizes of penknives were offered, and been won by the following:

A. Barnes, 114 Gt. Union Rd., St. Heliers, J. J. Graddon, Dowlish Wake, Ilminster, J. J. Hancock, 98 Colum Rd., Cardiff; G. R. Cavan St., Kirkcaldy; W. T. Jones, 3 Clap-lemington Spa; A. Preston, 18 Delaval North, Newcastle-on-Tyne; W. Robertson, Fife; J. Russell, 3 Strathcona Drive, Glasgow; J. R. Spence, 53 Haddon St., A. Watson, & Tylney Rd., Forest Gate.

"TAKE OFF" CONTEST.

Five style poems were offered for the best asking a lady to remove her hat at a theatre, causing her to feel annoyed at the request. The winners are:

67 St. Mary St., Cardiff; G. H. Best, 18 St. West Stanley, Durham; E. Marr, 26 Rd., North Berwick; A. Tait, 10 Abbeydale Rd., F. J. Wright, 28 The Parade, Golders.

"ENGAGED" CONTEST.

Amendments for engaged couples were asked for the prize of half a guinea offered for the submitted was won by J. C. Milsom, "Fair Oakley, Basingstoke, who contributed the

For Her.

Remember that "all that glitters is not gold"—may be brass.

Remember that a "knot" need not be the result of a fight.

Remember that reciprocity is a good thing—when kissing.

For Him.

Thou shalt not steal—kisses from her. Take them.

Remember that thou art not engaged—to her.

Remember that it costs more to "ring off" than to ring the "belle."

"OVERDONE" CONTEST.

Brooch has been awarded to each of the lady winners who sent in the best answers to the question, "Why is a nagging wife like an overdone?"

Barr, 52 Kildonan St., Coatbridge; Mrs. High St., Sandown, I. of W.; Mrs. H. Green, Hampton St., Reading; Miss A. Hardy, 12 Market Risen; Miss M. Knight, 29 West- Leicestershire; Mrs. Macdonald, 15 John St., Mrs. B. Matthews, 20 West St., Chichester; Elder, 36 Worthing Rd., Southsea; Mrs. Nash, Rd., Thornton Heath; Mrs. J. Porter, 26 St. Ibrox, Glasgow.

"HATEFUL" CONTEST.

Five were asked to suggest ideas for a notice Editor might hang in his room as a hint to waste his time unnecessarily. The five offered for the best notices have been awarded as follows:

13 Trinity Rd., Liscard, Cheshire; G. Cumberland Rd., Leagrave, Luton; Mrs. amrock St., Glasgow; C. D. Moore, 15 Ave, Penge; F. J. Wright, 28 The Parade, Golders.

"TACKLESS" CONTEST.

And Jones say to his wife after he had vainly asked the house for "Burglars" one night at her. This was the question competitors were asked to answer, and the prize of a sealing-wax set was sent to each of the following five winners, who sent the best replies:

C. Brown, 68 West Regent St., Glasgow; Miss Burton, 7 Courtenay Terr., Paignton; Miss E. Barton, Ivy Cottage, Bilton Rd., Keynsham, Bristol; Long, 343 Pleck Rd., Walsall, Staffs; J. S. Watson, 343 Pleck Rd., Walsall, Staffs.

"W.P.B." CONTEST.

Prizes of five watches were offered for the best addressed to the waste-paper basket as the general receptacle for the unsuccessful attempts at Footline Competitions. The following are the winners:

M. J. Caine, 49 Urnston Lane, Stretford, Man- Mrs. E. E. Jones, 15 Vancouver Cres., Alex- Rd., Hull; H. Knox, Selwood House, Haydon Northumberland; A. Oakley, 50 Butler Rd., A. Yates, 36 High St., Stoke Newington.

"MRS." CONTEST.

Competitors were requested to suggest what Brown have said to allay the indignation of the young whom he had by mistake addressed as "Mrs." Prizes of five style pens for the best things said have been allocated as follows:

W. M. Adams, Kinwardstone, Guildford; Mrs. Aitken, 30 Brock St., Garnethill, Glasgow; R. L. Orton, Mill, Sittingbourne, Kent; Mrs. E. Rhodes, 2 Ave, Penarth; W. J. Turner, 71 Stracey Rd., Forest Gate.

"NURSE" CONTEST.

For the five best original nursery rhymes, not exceeding eight lines in length, prizes of briar pipes were offered, and these were won by the following:

E. Gregory, 17 Victoria Ave., Alma Park, Levens- bulme; C. Hardman, 118 Boundary St., Tydesley, Manchester; W. Inge, Ye Olde Cottage, Kingsdown, Deal; J. Long, 843 Pleck Rd., Walsall, Staffs; B. Storrs, Ridgeway, Hindhead.

"TITLE" CONTEST.

The formation of sentences consisting only of any three titles of articles appearing in P.W. dated August 13th was the task set in this contest, and the five best sentences thus constructed were submitted by the following, to each of whom the prize of a watch has been sent:

S. J. Moon, 22 Batsford Rd., St. John's, S.E.; D. Morgan, 105 Rathcole Grdns., Hornsey; D. C. Smith, 11 Langdale Grdns., Hove; E. Vincent, 36 New Walk, Leicester; F. J. Wright, 28 The Parade, Golders Green.

"MIDDLES" WINNERS.

(Continued from page 257.)

Fereday, J. E., 27 Bridge Road, East Ham, Essex. Francis, H., 65 Bridge Street, Row, Chester. Frendersdorf, E. J., 9 Queen's Parade, Tenby, Pm. Grange, O. W., 5 Alexandra Crescent, Blyth, Northumberland. Hampson, J. J., Plasoun, Nergis, Mod. Flintshire. Hanbury, E. M., 3 Fitzalan Road, Littlehampton. Hanson, B., 124 Cathedral Road, Cardiff. Hatchard, A., 35 Campden House Road, Kensington. Haworth, Mrs. L., 317 Bolton Road, Blackburn. Hayward, F., High Street, Rickfield, Sussex. Howard, Miss L., 31 Outrain Road, Southsea. Jameson, D., 139 Forest Avenue, Alderdeen. Kelsey, A., 21 Tyson Road, Forest Hill, S.E. Kidman, J. A., Henwick House, Ludlow. Lane, A. E., Salisbury Green, Southampton. Livingstone, Mrs. F., 59 Maitland Park Rd., Haverstock Hill, W. Kensington.

Lodge, J. F. N., Woodleigh, Brighouse, Yorkshire. Longson, E. H., 4 Vale Road, Bowdon, Cheshire. Lyle, F. A., 79 Paget Street, Grange, Cardiff. McCallum, W. H., 42 West Argyle Street, Helensburgh. McDonald, J. A., 41 Connaught Street, Philaboro', Lubin. McEae, D., Soldiers' Home, Dublin. Mackay, Mrs. C., 66 Thame Street, Buxton. Main, W. A., 6 Roslyn Avenue, Buntingford, N.B. Marlow, O., Hilltop, New Marston, Oxford. Matthews, K., 21 Chalcraft Road, Lee, Kent. Mearns, Mrs. A., Winton, Sandown, I.O.W. Mitchell, R., 3 Ethelbert Road, Birchington, Kent. Mills, W. H., Ormerod House, Denaby, Rotherham. Morris, A. V., 22 Oriental Place, Brixton, S.W. Morse, Mrs. E., 11 Evelyn Mansions, Queen's Club Gardens, West Kensington.

Muir, B. B., 6 Hillfort Street, Dennistoun, Glasgow. Murphy, H., Hollies, Hampton, Evesham. Nott, Miss A., 53 Glasbrydan Avenue, Swansea. Openshaw, E. M., Cheddal, Somerset. Pearce, G., 21 Plantation Avenue, Cardiff. Phillips, T., 25 Hard Lane, St. Helens, Lancashire. Pilbrow, Nurse, Nurses' Home, Milton Infirmary, Portsmouth. Place, Miss L., 37 St. David's Hill, Exeter. Ramsey, E., 9 Corniston Gardens, Edinburgh. Raphael, H. E. W., 23 Torbay Road, N.W. Redhead, H. A., 160 Abington Avenue, Northampton. Rees, E. J., 63 Richmond Street, Southend-on-Sea. Richmond, H. E., Pomeroy House, I.O.M. Ridgway, S., 30 May Street, Hull. Rolland, Miss A., 16 Alven Street, Edinburgh. Rose, B. P., 24 Haymerle Road, Peckham, S.E. Ross, A., 2 Upper Norfolk Street, North Shields. Sage, W., 21 Leigham Terrace, Plymouth, Devon. Seiler, J., 5 Bond Street, Yeovil, Somerset. Simmons, A. H., 31 Blackhouse Lane, Croydon. Smith, D., 13 Llewellyn Street, Aberavon, Port Talbot. Smith, F. L., 7 Gordon Street, Burnley, Lancs. Smith, F. L., 31 Middle Street, Stroud, Glos. Starling, Mrs. G. M., Wood View, Park Road, New Barnet. Starling, Miss J., 61 Biston Road, Birkenhead. Stevenson, C. H., Waterloof Cottage, Wanchelsea, near Rye. Steel, I. F., 2 Hampton, Villa Waverley Park, Surrey. Symonds, Miss M., Tintern Villa, Slad Road, Stroud, Glos. Tarbert, Miss A., 58 Blenheim Street, Hull. Tetman, W. F., 169 Carliford Road, West Green, N. Till, W. E., 115 Oroydon Road, Caterham Valley, Surrey. Trean, J. H., 12 Radford Road, Leamington Spa. Tyler, H. W., 40 St. Stephen's Mansions, Smith Square, S.W. Viger, Mrs. F., 40 St. Stephen's Mansions, Smith Square, S.W. Wadley, F., 4 Chestnut Road, West Norwood, S.E. Waterfall, Miss F. O., 95 Belvidere Road, Walsall. Wayman, A. E., High Street, Offord Cluny, Huntingdon. Webb, S., 4 Fichetta's Court, Noble Street, E.C. Whipp, J. G., 23 Edicambe Avenue, Millbridge, Devonport. Whitcombe, C. R., Cranford, Hereford. White, T. H., 100 St. George's Road, Guildford. Wild, G., 30 Spring Street, Rugby. Williams, Stag T., Llanfairp, Anglesey.

RESULT OF "EXHIBITION" PARROT CONTEST.

THE prize of £5 for the best last line in this contest was awarded to W. Devine, 25 Slatefield St., Whitevale, Glasgow, for the following:

Old Snooks, in search of a thrill,
Took a trip on the joy-ride one day;
But when the car started to move,
The parrot was then heard to say:
"The fool would 'gambo' on anything!"

Ten consolation gifts of 10s. each have been awarded to the following:

A. Andrews, 39 Victoria Rd., Bushey, Herts; Mrs. Bradley, 49 Mount Wise, Newquay, Cornwall; J. W. Buckley, Rossall College, Fleetwood; W. L. Dickson, Vordsworth House, Vancouver Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.; I. Macdonald, Bank of Scotland, Kingussie, Invernesshire; J. H. Matthews, 28 Shipton Rd., Stratford-on-Avon; J. C. Maxwell, 1 Jubilee Terr., Church St., Downpatrick, Co. Down; A. Sabine, 34 Essex St., Levenshulme; Mrs. N. Sutcliffe, 14 Westbourne Terr., Salford; H. T. Thexton, 31 Robert St., C-on-M., Manchester.

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This Insurance holds good for any number of claims of £2,000 each—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post office servants on railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of PEARSON'S Weekly on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, provided that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) shall not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-month's subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature

Available from 9 a.m. Tuesday, August 27th, 1912, until midnight, Tuesday, September 3rd, 1912.

COMING HOLIDAYS, 1912-13

Christmas Day December 25.
Boxing Day December 26.
Good Friday March 21.
Easter Monday March 24.
Whitsun Monday May 12.
Bank Holiday August 4.

SEPTEMBER.

M 1 8 15 22 29
T 2 9 16 23 30
W 3 10 17 24
T 4 11 18 25
F 5 12 19 26
S 6 13 20 27
S 7 14 21 28

OCTOBER.

M 6 13 20 27
T 7 14 21 28
W 8 15 22 29
T 9 16 23 30
F 10 17 24 31
S 11 18 25
S 12 19 26

NOVEMBER.

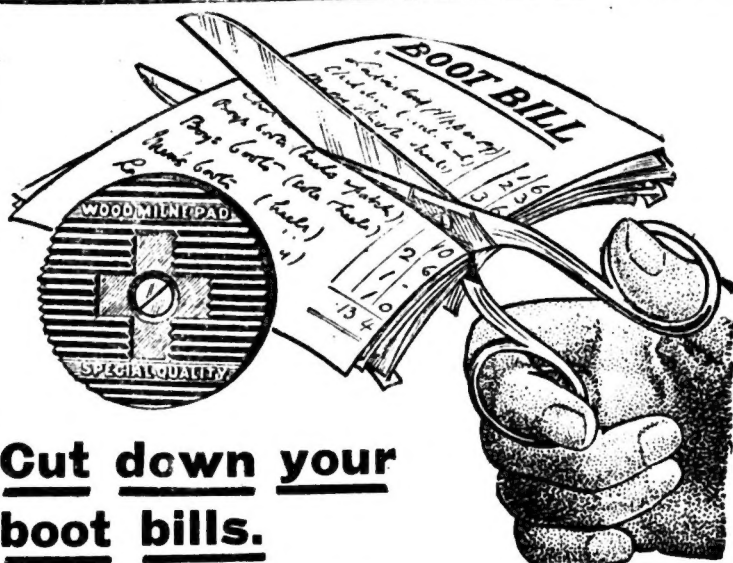
M 3 10 17 24
T 4 11 18 25
W 5 12 19 26
T 6 13 20 27
F 7 14 21 28
S 8 15 22 29
S 9 16 23 30

DECEMBER.

M 1 8 15 22 29
T 2 9 16 23 30
W 3 10 17 24 31
T 4 11 18 25
F 5 12 19 26
S 6 13 20 27
S 7 14 21 28

Lighting Up Time for this Week

Aug. 27 ... 7:50
" 28 ... 7:57
" 29 ... 7:55
" 30 ... 7:53
" 31 ... 7:51
Sept. 1 ... 7:48
" 2 ... 7:45



Cut down your boot bills.

A pair of Wood-Milne Rubber Heels pay for themselves over and over again in money saved for re-heeling. They provide, in addition, a degree of comfort that leather heels can never give; they add a new pleasure to walking, and keep your boot-heels smart all the time.

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THAT'S the great feature of the suits we are making. They fit because the men who "cut out" from our measurements, or yours, are experts who have studied the whole art. They know all there is to know about it—and that represents great experience.

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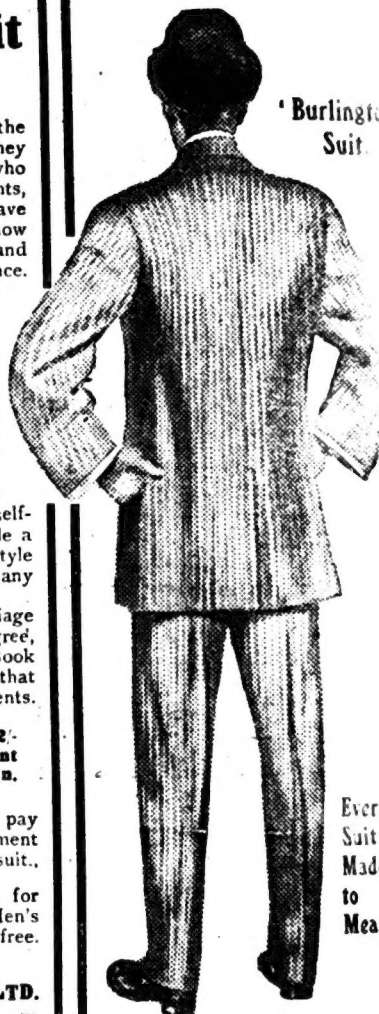
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